Saturday Review

JULY 4, 1953 / 20¢

"Every so often it happened. America would be rushing along, staking out farms and throwing up factories, exulting and worrying and denouncing, and suddenly somebody, facing a stack of blank paper, would touch the paper with magic. A book appeared and things were never quite the same."

From the article, "Books That Changed America"

By Eric F. Goldman

See page 7

GORSLINE

BOOKS WORTH RE-READING—A SPECIAL ISSUE

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▶ Woodbury, L.I., in New York, is a 175-year-old village of 500 residents now increasing six times in population overnight with burgeoning housing developments. Recently the oldtimers gave an outdoor luncheon party for their new neighbors. More than 200 young women attended, along with their children too young to be left at home. "The purpose of the party," said Mrs. Elizabeth T. Babcock, one of the oldtimers, on whose lawn the party was held, "is to welcome the newcomers and persuade them to join us in working together on community problems."

▶ One of the most frequent complaints of our American G.I.s is that we at home have forgotten them, that we don't know there's a war on. Two American Midwestern doctors have not forgotten their G.I.s. Now, as during the whole of World War II, they send a monthly newsletter of condensed information from authoritative sources, along with such books as Edward R. Murrow's "This I Believe," or the African issue of *The Saturday Review,* to 700 men on the battlefront. These are sent first-class air mail, so as to arrive promptly while the information is still fresh. During the last election they helped get absentee ballots to all of their large G.I. family, and enclosed stamped return envelopes to make their voting easier. "We wanted these boys to feel that they were citizens even though they were in the service. We sent them the League of Women Voters questionnaire of all candidates and all other pertinent, non-partisan data available."

▶ Sixteen years ago Dorothy Weinhold of Essex, Maryland, was born prematurely before her fingers or legs from the knees down had developed. These handicaps, however, she has never allowed to stand in the way of happiness and achievement. When four years old she learned how to use her first artificial legs and soon was running and jumping like any other active, healthy child. Today she swims, rides, takes part in all high-school gym activities, and gets good grades. She dances, sews, embroiders, cooks, and has a fine sense of humor. She is a member of the Essex Chapter of the United States Amateur Roller Skating Association and has appeared in solo exhibitions at the National Arena in Washington, D.C. For Dorothy her handicap has not been a disaster, but merely "a hindrance making success more difficult."

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JULY 4, 1953

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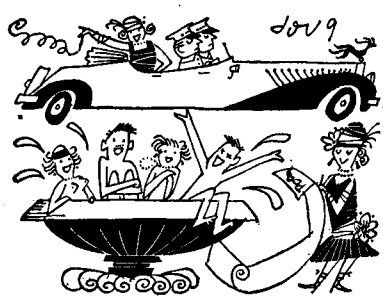
TRADE Winds

CARESSE CROSBY WAS THE SCION of an ultra-respectable blue-blooded Boston family who, imbued with the spirit of revolt that flared in the torrid Twenties, cast off the shackles of convention and went in for the supposedly carefree life of "Americans in Paris," pre-Depression model. The story of

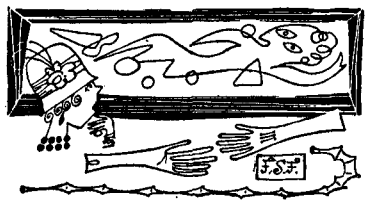


her subsequent career, in turn exasperating, heartbreaking, and hilarious, is told in "The Passionate Years" (Dial), certainly one of the most unusual autobiographies of the year. Caresse remembers only what she wants to—and that not too accurately, but if you can put up with her nonsense (black whippets with toenails painted mother-of-pearl; sea-green limousines with two footmen in canary yellow on the front seat; parties where guests were fed hashish or opium and then took turns bathing four at a time in a sunken marble tub) you'll be rewarded with a series of fascinating close-ups of James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Hemingway, Picasso, and the like.

When Caresse was six she posed for Charles Dana Gibson. When she was fifteen she was squired to luncheon and a matinee by Cole Porter (she says the show was "Jumbo" at the Hippodrome—thereby advancing its actual opening by no less than twenty-five years!). Before she was twenty she had invented the brassière and sold all rights to Warner Brothers (the corsetières, not the movie producers) for $1,500 cash. Before World War I she had married a Peabody and was on her way to raising a family. Then she met Harry Crosby (J. P. Morgan's nephew, you know), divorced Peabody, changed her first name from Polly to Caresse, and was off to Paris to found the Black Sun Press, write poetry—and live—with a capital "L"! Her first book of poems, incidentally, was published here by Houghton Mifflin. "They're sure to accept it," a Back Bay cousin told her. "They've just lost Amy Lowell and, after all, you're another lady poet from Boston." He was right.

WHEN CARESSE AND HARRY CROSBY told James Joyce they wanted to publish a fragment of his "Work in Progress" in a limited edition he hauled out a dilapidated leather suitcase, stuffed to overflowing with clippings and manuscript pages, told them, "This is my desk," and gave them two pieces with the interesting titles of "The Mookse and the Gripes" and "The Ont and the Graicehopper." Picasso refused to provide a frontispiece, so they signed up Brancusi. When the printer set up the work he found he needed eight more lines to make the final page look right. Caresse said it would be an insult to ask an author of Joyce's stature to add eight lines just to make a printer happy, so the printer braved Joyce's den himself. This proved to be a master move. "I'd been wanting to add a few lines," confided Joyce happily, "but I was too frightened of Mrs. Crosby to suggest it!"

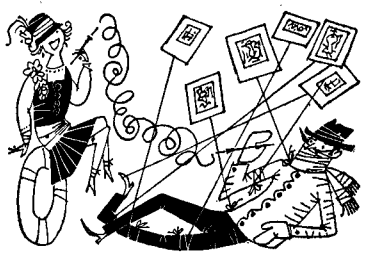
IN GERTRUDE STEIN'S ATELIER Caresse was one of the first to see the portrait Picasso had painted of her. "But it doesn't look like Gertrude Stein," protested someone. "It will," answered Picasso. Caresse also encountered Hemingway in Paris about this time but, by her own admission, he was one of the few writers who was not overcome by her charms at sight. Louis Bromfield is the helpful party who sold her on the idea of sailing home to France another year in gemütlich fashion via a Baltimore Mail Line steamer. ("How was I to know," she wails, "that they didn't even run



a boat train from New York?") At least, the detour gave her a chance to meet F. Scott Fitzgerald.

"So you're Caresse Crosby," was Fitzgerald's gambit, after first forgetting their appointment altogether. Her answer, "And you are *you*," evidently charmed him so that he instantly proposed driving her to the boat. They were late when they started, but Fitzgerald insisted on cane behind When he emerged with them he told her cheerfully, "We haven't lost time after all. I found out we were going in exactly the wrong direction." The boat had been held for the very important Mrs. Crosby, and the author of "Tender Is the Night" was soon lost in the receding background, waving his chamois gloves and calling, "It has been a fitting occasion. I shall never wear them again."

THE HIGH SPOT of Caresse Crosby's "The Passionate Years" is the account of her association with Salvador Dali; the concluding two chapters are painfully anti-climactic. Dali was not only an authentic genius, but soon convinced her that in even her own specialty of pretentiousness and chi-chi he had her backed clear off the map. It's his story—disputed by her—that the luncheon at which they met was entirely white—cream of celery soup, breast of chicken with rice, little boiled onions, blancmange with cream, and, to finish it off, marshmallows with white mint. Caresse, furthermore, was wearing white shoes and stockings, plus, presumably, a few other white odds and ends, though



you never could be sure with that crowd.

At any rate, Dali and his wife, Gala, were afraid to come to America until Caresse agreed to shepherd them. They sailed aboard the *Champlain*, Dali bundled up in sweaters and mittens in a third-class cabin near the engine room. "I stay next to the engine," he explained, "so that I'll get there quicker." To each of his precious pictures he had affixed a string; the other ends of the strings were tied to his clothing or his fingers! He was packed and ready to leave the ship four days before they steamed past the Statue of Liberty.

When the reporters streamed aboard they made straight for the publicity-wise Caresse, who obligingly posed for some "cheesecake" art and gave them the lowdown on the latest didoes of the Cholly Knickerbocker set. Then she told them about Salvador Dali. None of them had ever heard of the gentleman, but they trooped obediently after her to his cabin. One look at his magnificent mustachio and an-

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alas, was completely forgotten. "A portrait of my wife," announced Dali in French. "What's that on her shoulders?" asked a pop-eyed reporter. "Lamb chops," said Dali. That did it! The next morning Dali and his lamb chops and "melting watches" hit the headlines, and Caresse, for possibly the only time in her life, was relegated to a footnote on page nine.

She soon bounced back to the spotlight. There's something about the lady! Certainly I never expected to go on this long about her—or her book—when I embarked upon this column. Better have a go at "The Passionate Years" for yourself.

LONG AFTER SALVADOR DALI had established his fame in America I had an encounter of my own with him. Harry Abrams, whose art books have been received with such acclaim in the past two years, was collaborating with us in a series of illustrated editions of some Modern Library standbys, and we decided to ask Dali if he'd provide the art work for "Don Quixote." The fee quoted to us was $2,500, with Dali, of course, retaining ownership of the originals (he sold them later, we were told, for over $100,000). Harry and I went up to his hotel to close the deal. Mrs. Dali was charming; Dali sat in morose silence, stroking his mustache. "I hope Monsieur Dali realizes," I said finally, "that we are counting on a minimum of ten illustrations." This is when Dali—who wasn't supposed to understand a word of English—made his first contribution to the conversation. He said, "Five!" Harry and I got up and reached for our coats. "That's not the way the tentative agreement was made at all," I reminded Mrs. Dali. "I'm afraid all bets are off."

Mrs. Dali restored harmony to the meeting by one of the neatest bits of explanation I have ever heard. Waving us back to our chairs with a charming smile, she told us, "You must understand that when Dali says 'five' what he means is 'ten'!"

—Bennett Cerf.

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BOOKS THAT CHANGED AMERICA

OVER the past half-dozen years The Saturday Review *has decried a growing tendency in the publishing world to treat books as fresh vegetables—highly perishable commodities to be published, promoted, and read during a period of a few weeks or at most months, then promptly to be remaindered, allowed to go out of print, and forgotten. For, despite the invention of many new media of communication in recent times, the book remains the most enduring and effective vehicle by which ideas are borne between individuals, between nations and civilizations, between generations. Of the millions of volumes published since Gutenberg, there are thousands that have something vital to say to contemporary men and women.*

This week The Saturday Review *devotes a special issue to books of this type in the hope that it may help, in a small way, to give them the wide circulation they merit. The article on this page by Eric F. Goldman, associate professor of history at Princeton, calls attention to the books that shaped the thinking of living Americans. Bonaro W. Overstreet, in an article beginning on page 10, selects a shelf of books that will provide the knowledge and insight needed to deal with the muddled world in which we live. Finally, we have asked a dozen of our regular contributors to select one volume published in the past which they believe should be widely re-read today and to review it as if it had never been reviewed before. Their choices, running the gamut from science to semantics, start on page 12.*

By ERIC F. GOLDMAN

EVERY so often it happened. America would be rushing along, staking out farms and throwing up factories, exulting and worrying and denouncing, and suddenly somebody, facing a stack of blank paper, would touch the paper with magic. A book appeared and things were never quite the same.

A number of writings, most notably the Bible, Shakespeare's works, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution, have continuously shaped American life. Each generation has interpreted them for its own needs and, in the course of interpreting them, has been profoundly affected by their deeper and unvarying import. Hundreds of other writings have exploded with spectacular immediate effects. Along with the books that jolted the nation for a moment and those that shaped it over its whole life came a third type, the volumes that had a substantial role in changing America during a particular period. Unlike the shapers, these books could not speak to all generations with equal force. Unlike the jolters, they permeated thought and emotion for at least a generation. Appearing at some critical juncture, they caught a latent trend and, by catching it with just the right nuances, whirled it ahead.

It is one of the fascinations of history to watch the American people turning to a writing which they wanted to make important. Sometimes they seized upon the author's central point; at other times they twisted the point or grasped a theme that he intended merely as background or corollary. They fastened on one book or moved along with many of an author's writings. They chose works by Americans and foreigners, stumbling writers and professionals, novelists, politicians, newspapermen, professors, a preacher's wife, a doctor, and an ex-gold prospector. They permitted the influence to be felt through rampant best sellers, books read only by a special section of the population, or volumes that were almost never found beyond the library of a specialist.

THE process was plain at the beginning of the nation. In 1776 the colonies hesitated; a final break with the British was drastic medicine, whatever the complaints. Into this wavering barged Thomas Paine, hawk-faced son of misfortune who had lost any sympathy he ever had for King George's Government when he was fired from a London tax office for what amounted to union activity. Paine's first venture in the colonies was setting up a seminary for young ladies, but the smoke was all around him, and this instinctive rebel soon deserted the young ladies for zestful fanning of the fire. "Common Sense," he called his little book in a flash of pamphleteering genius. Within three months an estimated 120,000 copies had been sold—about 8,000,000 in terms of today's population. George Washington wrote friends of the "powerful"

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Henry George | Harriet Beecher Stowe | Herbert Spencer | Thomas Paine | Alexander Hamilton

catalysis that "Common Sense" was working; "prodigious effects," Benjamin Franklin added. "Common Sense" took a people who were moving hesitantly toward independence and hurtled them forward. More than that, for thousands of farmers, mechanics, and clerks who squinted over its fine print Paine's pile-driving words were a welcome push to identify America with ebullient, nose-thumbing democracy.

INDEPENDENCE came, and the ebullient democracy too. It was so bouncing that planters and commercial leaders worried whether property was safe and whether the whole rickety experiment would hold together. Under their pressure, a Constitution was written, establishing a strong national government and applying a brake to democratic surges. Promptly a good many of Tom Paine's democrats, by now experts at nose-thumbing, cocked their fingers, and the ratification of the Constitution was in danger. At the height of the debate, newspapers began carrying a series of essays signed "Publius," written mostly by the hardheaded Virginia planter James Madison, and the bastard immigrant from the West Indies, Alexander Hamilton, who had staked his extraordinary brilliance on a marriage with the New York aristocracy. The essays, known as the *Federalist Papers,* proved to be the gentleman's "Common Sense." They rallied the propertied groups to resolute support of the Constitution and projected far beyond the immediate issue the contention that government should be property-conscious and wary of majorities. In the next half-century, the *Federalist Papers* went through some forty editions, never a runaway like "Common Sense" but a steady beacon to men of substance.

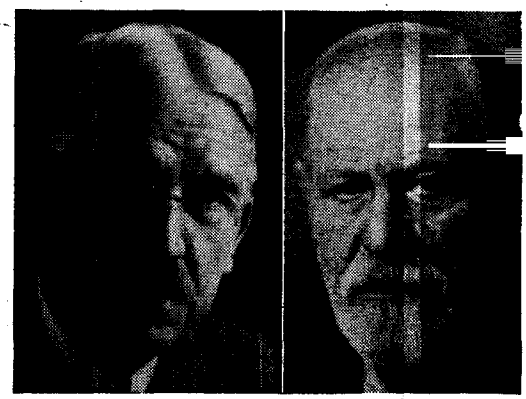
The Constitution of Publius worked. The Republic expanded its territory, massed economic power, responded to demands for political and social democracy, but always, and increasingly, came the impatient calls of humanitarianism. There were children without schools, factory women laboring sixteen hours a day, men jailed for ten-dollar debts, and, most gnawing of all, the millions of black people in slavery. In Brunswick, Maine, the wife of the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe found it harder and harder to keep her mind on sewing and cooking. She could write words that brought tears; she knew that. She was a Christian as only New Englanders of the 1850's were Christians. And there were the insistent letters, like the one from her Boston sister-in-law which ended: "Now, Hattie, if I could use a pen as you can, I would write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is."

Between the cooking and the sewing, Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and set off an emotional outburst that has never quite found its parallel. The country, and indeed much of Western civilization, was swamped with maudlin, poignant Uncle Tom. He was versified, dramatized, set to music, made into dolls, erected into opera, used as a basis for card games. "Is this the little woman whose book made such a great war?" President Lincoln said when he met the author. The broader impact of the book, with its harnessing of Christianity and democracy into an appeal for all the disadvantaged, was reflected in the letters that kept tumbling into the Stowe home: the candle manufacturer who had been moved to found a school, the farmer who adopted a foundling, the town that hoisted taxes in order to help vagrants. And Hattie Stowe found herself the puzzled sorcerer in the unpredictable magic of books. A proper New Englander assuming order and the rights of ownership, she had actually written "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to encourage a gradual, duly-compensated emancipation.

The five years of Civil War rushed the Industrial Revolution ahead decades. A nation asked to accustom itself rapidly to extremes of wealth and squalor fumbled for a doctrine and a large segment of America found it in the iron words of the Englishman Herbert Spencer. Drawing an analogy from scientific thinking of the day, Spencer maintained that successful businessmen, by virtue of their triumph in competition, had proved superior fitness and that social legislation would disrupt the "survival of the fittest" necessary for the "evolution" of society to a better form.

Spencer's role in reconciling the United States to raw industrialism was tremendous. Thousands of the educated took a credo directly from his pages, particularly his "Study of Sociology," but more important was the way Spencer's central formula became a commonplace of sermons, lectures, editorials, and crackerbarrel disquisitions.

BUT industrial societies, even when run by the eminently survivable, have a way of developing depressions, and hard times ground on during six long years after 1873. For Henry George the depression was the last straw. From his thirteenth year he had worked furiously, as a delivery-boy, seaman, typesetter, gold prospector, salesman, and editor, only to find himself a defenseless nobody, unable to stave off the first blows of hard times Somewhere out of his readings and



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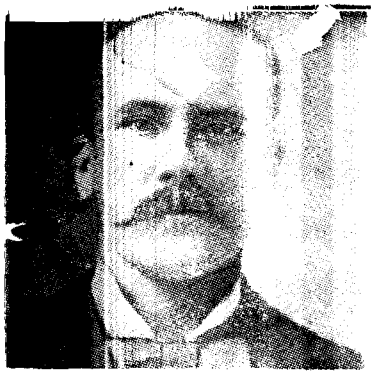

Charles Sheldon

vation of the California land boom. George became convinced that what America needed was a single tax which would wipe out any rise in land values. In his rugless, ill-heated room George pounded into the sheets of yellow foolscap the Single Tax doctrine of "Progress and Poverty."

Publishers yawned. No doubt this was a meritorious work, the replies came, but what American book on economics had ever sold? Finally, George talked an old friend in the printing business into setting the type and D. Appleton Co. agreed to run off five hundred copies. A scattering of American reviews, a pat from the *Revue Scientifique*, and "Progress and Poverty" limped toward oblivion.

THEN the Irish, who seem to have their own special arrangements with history, happened upon the volume. George's economic analyses attracted their New York leaders about as much as "God Save the King." But hadn't George found the devil in landlords, like the landlords who were oppressing Mother Eire? Soon "Progress and Poverty" was swirled aloft in a jig of praise, and thousands of Americans, Irish and non-Irish, were discovering the book which spoke of hunger and hope in prose of Biblical power.

Still the history of the volume continued its oblique course. Sales went on vaulting, farmers and factory hands who had rarely opened a book worked their way to the last page, Henry George was a national figure. But the point of it all so far as George ment, fumbled and stumbled. Thousands were like Clarence Darrow who, announcing that their whole thinking had been redirected by "Progress and Poverty," soon tossed aside its "Problem Solved" chapter. In a way never really understood by the author, the young Californian who wanted to get ahead so fervidly and was stopped so hard had caught the mood with which much of a generation was leaving the depression of 1873. In the course of advocating his Single Tax, George had broken with fixed laws about anything, and called for fluid thinking which could mean wide opportunities for ordinary Americans.

The story of the books that helped change America winds on, into periods where too much definiteness is arbitrariness gone silly. More people were writing and more people were reading; the massed effect of groups of books emphasizing the same theme was becoming infinitely greater than the influence of any one volume. Especially after World War I, the role of new means of communication in spreading ideas and attitudes increased so much that the function of the written word became a good deal less clear. Nevertheless, books certainly continued to work away, and naming individual works of special catalytic power is something more than whimsey. My own list is:

The Rev. Charles Sheldon's fabulous parable, "In His Steps: What Would Jesus Do?" (1897), which, in a decade swinging toward reform, may have reached as many as 20,000,000 Americans with its reformer's insistence that Christianity means not fear of God but love of the distressed.

Sigmund Freud's "The Interpretation of Dreams" (published in 1900, translated in 1913), the most widely read of Freud's books in the United States, beginning the seepage into American thinking of this corrosive of the Rational Man.

Charles Beard's "An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution" (1913), the most surely directed of building the modern liberal tradition.

John Maynard Keynes's "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" (American edition, 1920), which did so much to buttress an America that wanted to have done with Wilsonian internationalism.

John Dewey's "Human Nature and Conduct" (1922), probably the most influential of his many writings, all of which, in fields ranging from elementary school teaching to grand philosophy, brought the tonic of pragmatism to an era avid for workability.

Sinclair Lewis's "Babbitt" (1922), a backdrop to the Roosevelt Revolution, formulating for an oncoming decade a standard of what not to be.

Lincoln Steffens's "Autobiography" (1931), a kind of ideological handbook for a whole college generation that was impatient with talk of getting "good men" in office, and wondered, with more or less overtones of Marxism, if the trouble did not lie in the economic system itself.

Wendell Willkie's "One World" (1943), a volume that was many things, including some extraordinary statements about the Soviet, but, above all, was a summons to live in the world, read by millions who were becoming ready for the call.

What books have been most important in changing the United States since World War II? Who knows what America has been changing to? More than likely, in an era so little formed, the works that will do most to fashion it are only now being written.

IF BOOKS have continually helped to change America and my list of volumes is anywhere near sound, it points to one especially striking fact. Certainly the United States has swung frequently from doctrines of freewheeling democracy and social reform to the kind of leadership by the business-minded which usually goes under the name Conservatism. Where on the list, beyond the *Fed-*

(*Continued on page 37*)

Lord Keynes **Sinclair Lewis** **Charles Beard** **Wendell Willkie** **Lincoln Steffens**

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A Personal Five-Foot Bookshelf

By BONARO OVERSTREET

I RECALL a cartoon, published some months ago, in which a character gave a non-traditional answer to a traditional question. Asked about the one book he would choose for company on a desert island, he did not specify Shakespeare or the Bible. Unabashed by the ghosts of greatness, he replied, "The Boy Scout Manual." The moral is eminently realistic: namely, that there are times when man, lost and wandering, would rather have a manual or a map than a masterpiece.

Growing up in a small rural community before and during the First World War, I grew up under the confident urging of the American Dream. The acting out of that dream became my private drama, my assured undertaking. It was the dream of personal betterment in a world growing better and better. It laid upon the individual a twofold obligation: first, to exhibit a combination of integrity, ingenuity, and industry that would insure his own practical advance; second, to achieve a matching advance in personal culture. One clue as to how this second part of the task could be performed was provided in the "fifteen minutes a day" program of the Harvard Classics: President Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

I never actually essayed the reading of the Five-Foot Shelf. I had no chance to do so. The books were not available in our limited school library; the town had no public library; and although my mother and father were both avid readers, the family budget could never have been stretched to accommodate so much footage of concentrated culture. Yet in my own secret way—on my own private "desert island"—I knew those Harvard Classics and cherished them well. I knew them through advertisements in the Sunday paper and in the back pages of magazines. More intimately, I knew them as an *intention.*

I doubt that I have ever so much as held in my hand one of the austerely uniform volumes that so tempted me in those advertisements. Yet I suppose I must even now owe them some peculiar debt; for the old image of them patterns a new dream of my own. It is a different sort of dream about what it might mean if I and my fellow Americans could broadly agree on a "shelf" of basic books and out of the reading of them build a common reference store of knowledge and insight with which to think about the world in which we live.

This dream has recurrently haunted me through more than twenty years of work in the fields of adult education and human relations—years that have made me well aware of how often our efforts to reason together are confounded by our lack of shared materials from which to do our reasoning. So I make my long postponed bow to President Eliot—not by belatedly taking in hand volume after volume of his Five-Foot Shelf, but by purloining his idea in the service of a modified definition of culture.

The books I visualize on this new "shelf" would, in this age of our lonely wandering, be more like maps and manuals than masterpieces—though some of them may well stand the test of the years. I would not pronounce them classics. I would not demand for them in the human tradition any place of serene, immutable importance. They would be replacable as new researches made them obsolete or as better books came from the press. I would want them simply to be the best books to date—the most accurate and readable books—in certain fields of knowledge where we can no longer afford to be ignorant or misinformed.

They would be books for the layman, not the specialist; yet they would be on a level of competent and responsible scholarship that the specialist—himself a layman in all fields but his own—would recognize and respect. They would not be watered down or prettied up. Their simplicity would come from the fact that their authors knew their materials well enough to impose meaningful order upon them; and also from the fact that those authors knew how to write—how to put words, sentences, and paragraphs together to encourage clarity rather than obfuscation.

The books would not pretend to add up, in the broad sense, to a liberal education. They would orient us with respect to the critical "foreground" of our human experience rather than to its rich and intricate background. They would be books about *now*: our biological, psychological, cultural selves *now*; our social, political, economic, and atomic world *now*. They would be books of the sort we commonly class as non-fiction. Novels would be missing from this particular shelf, important as they are as illuminators of human nature and the human scene. Poetry and drama would be missing, though I would not, as an individual, want to have to handle life-situations without their supporting strength. Metaphysics, esthetics, and theology as strictly detailed disciplines would be missing.

The type of insight to be gained from the shelf would, in brief, be *insight limited.* But also, I believe, it would be insight of a kind that is becoming more and more indispensable. Types of knowledge have come into the world in our time that can, if we possess them as our own, vastly reduce the likelihood of our making stupid and catastrophic blunders in our dealings with one another and with the resources on which we all must live. To these types of knowledge, and to social and spiritual interpretations that take responsible account of them, the shelf would be given over.

I VENTURE into the open, then, with this awkward but tenacious dream of mine. I am no President Eliot, competent on my own to measure off the five-foot space and announce its proper contents. My hope is that this article and the list of books I am including may induce readers—the more the better—to share with me an enterprise of "shelf-filling." Even on a tentative basis I have usurped only half the footage—a little less than half; and books I have set down are not irrevocably there to stay.

In its initial and incomplete form—the only form that I, unaided, can give it—the list is badly skewed in favor of the subjects with which I myself feel most at home: psychology and psychotherapy. Though I have named only a scant fraction of the psychological and psychiatric books to which I would like to guarantee a wide reading, I recognize this skew. And I recognize other limitations also.

One of these is deliberate. I have omitted certain landmark books to which I myself am profoundly indebted because I doubt that they can widely serve as books for the lay reader. A case in point, for example,

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inson, and Sanford. Though, to my knowledge, there is no adequate substitute for this definitive and important study, I have none the less ruled it out because of its massive technical scholarship. My hope is that either the original authors or someone else who can call upon them for guidance may eventually give us a layman's edition. A second case in point—though here I am less confident of my decision—is Alison Reppy's "Civil Rights in the United States": a book in which the Dean of the New York Law School illumines the whole complex problem of civil rights by examining the relevant decisions reached by the Supreme Court within a specific three-year period, 1948-50 inclusive. A third case—and again I have hesitated over my decision—is Gunnar Myrdal's "The American Dilemma." It is omitted because other accurate and less thickly documented books on the problems of race relations are now available.

ANOTHER limitation comes from the fact that where I have moved beyond my own fields of comparative expertness I have no basic assurance that the books I have chosen, and by which I have felt myself well taught, are actually the best to be had. Most of them—not all—have been subjected to one sort of test in addition to my own response. With a few exceptions, they have been on the reading lists that my husband and I have worked out for various adult groups and have variously seemed to prove their usefulness. Some, however—and particularly some of the newer ones—I have included solely because they have been important to me in my own personal effort to understand the kind of world I am in and about which I am supposed to make daily decisions of one sort and another.

Finally, there are appalling blank spaces on the list—and here I can only bid for help. What are the top-flight books, not too specialized for the layman, that should be contributing to our common knowledge of economics, law, ecology, planetary geography, the modern media of communication, biology, semantics, anthropology, nuclear physics—to mention only a few fields?

Meanwhile, I can only go ahead and set down my own book-candidates for this new five-foot shelf. I set them down, however, in the firm conviction that though they may not be classics—though they may be manuals rather than masterpieces—the reading of them would make us a more accurately and sensitively cultivated people.

ALEXANDER, FRANZ, **"Our Age of Unreason."** Lippincott. $4.50. A first-rate introduction to the fact that the neuroses that are common within a culture bear, as it were, the trademark of that culture. Hence, this is a book that helps us to appraise our own cultural pattern in terms of the influence it exerts for mental illness and mental health.

ALLEN, FREDERICK LEWIS, **"The Big Change."** Harper. $3.50. A wholly fascinating report on the socio-economic changes in America since 1900.

ALLPORT, GORDON, **"The Individual and His Religion."** Macmillan. $2.75. A psychologist's report on the religious outlooks of college students—and particularly of G.I. students.

BARNETT, ANTHONY, **"The Human Species."** Norton. $3.75. Here a top-flight biologist brings us more or less up to date in a field where many lay minds have been content to stop with Darwin.

BARTH, ALAN, **"The Loyalty of Free Men."** Viking. $3. A courageous, carefully documented account of some of the threats to our American freedom that are inherent in our panic-made efforts to safeguard those freedoms.

BARUCH, DOROTHY, **"The Glass House of Prejudice."** Morrow. $2.50. A psychiatrist's approach to race prejudice.

BARUCH, DOROTHY, **"One Little Boy."** Messner. $3.50. A uniquely full report on one child's return, under therapy, from acute emotional illness to emotional health.

BETTLEHEIM, BRUNO, **"Love Is Not Enough."** Free Press. $4.50. Again, the subject is the emotionally disturbed child—and the way of his healing.

BINGER, CARL, **"The Doctor's Job."** Norton. $3.50. A concise statement about the role of the modern doctor and "doctor of the mind."

BLIVEN BRUCE (EDITOR), **"20th Century Unlimited."** Lippincott. $3.50. Made up of informative, highly readable chapters by experts in a wide range of fields—mostly those of science—this book gives a sense of the virtually unlimited chances that lie ahead of us to promote human well-being, providing we do not fumble our way into disaster.

CHASE, STUART, **"The Proper Study of Mankind."** Harper. $3.50. By reporting actual cases in which they have been fruitfully put to work to solve problems of human relations, this book suggests the social utility of the newly emerging sciences of man: sociology, psychology, anthropology.

CHASE, STUART, **"Roads To Agreement."** Harper. $3.50. Here, creative agreements among individuals and groups are taken out of the area of happenstance and shown to be the sort of thing that can be rationally encouraged.

COMMAGER, HENRY STEELE, **"The American Mind."** Yale University Press. $5. A peculiarly useful book for times like these.

COMMAGER, HENRY STEELE, AND OTHERS, **"Civil Liberties Under Attack,"** out of print. A small book, done by a number of cooperating scholars, that helps us to come up to the problem of our civil liberties from different clarifying angles.

FARNHAM, MARYNIA, **"The Adolescent."** Harper. $3. An excellent all-over study of adolescence—not to be missed by anyone who lives, or expects to live, with teenagers.

FROMM, ERICH, **"Psychoanalysis and Religion."** Yale University Press. $2.50. An analysis of the kind of religion with which psychoanalysis is in basic accord and the kind with which it is in sharp disagreement.

GALBRAITH, JOHN KENNETH, **"American Capitalism."** Houghton Mifflin. $3. A stirring antidote to economic fear and defeatism, this book brings us up to date on our American economy.

HAYAKAWA, S. I., **"Language in Thought and Action."** Harcourt, Brace. $3. A book that sensitizes our lay minds to what we are doing, in contrast to what we may think we are doing, when we use words.

HORNEY, KAREN, **"The Neurotic Personality of Our Time."** Norton. $3.50. An appraisal of some of the cultural reasons why certain types of neurosis multiply among us.

HORNEY, KAREN, **"Neurosis and Human Growth."** Norton. $4.50. A book that brings us well into the age of psychotherapeutic thought.

KLUCKHOHN, CLYDE, **"Mirror for Man."** McGraw-Hill. $4.50. A brief and absorbing invitation to look at ourselves through the eyes and the experience of an anthropologist.

MCIVER, R. M. (EDITOR), **"Conflict of Loyalties."** Harper. $2. A book that makes amply clear the fact that it is no easy matter to work out an integrated system of values in a world where legitimate loyalties seem often to contradict each other; and a book, therefore, that rebukes our common tendency to oversimplify the problems of inner conflict.

MADDEN, WARD, **"Religious Values in Education."** Harper. $3. Shows how religious values can be, and must be, inherent in the very processes of education.

MENNINGER, KARL, **"Love Against Hate."** Harcourt, Brace. $3.75. A study by a top-ranking psychiatrist of what can well be called the central problem of our time: that of increasing love and diminishing hate.

MENNINGER, WILLIAM, **"Psychiatry, Its Evolution and Present Status."** Cornell University Press. $2. Shows where psychiatry now stands as a science, and how it has come to that standing place.

MONTAGU, ASHLEY, **"On Being Human."** Henry Schuman. $2.50. A firm affirmation of our human role, based on the findings of biology, psychology, and anthropology.

MONTAGU, ASHLEY, **"Statement on Race."** Henry Schuman. $2.75. Doubly important—as a report on the "race problem" as now viewed by the world's top-level scientists, and as a report on how such scientists can bring their minds to bear upon a common problem under the auspices of UNESCO.

NEISSER, EDITH G., **"Brothers and Sisters."** Harper. $3. A highly useful book about the problems and the satisfactions that inhere in the family pattern of life, with children of different ages, sexes, aptitudes, and interests growing up together.

PARKHURST, HELEN, **"Exploring the Child's World."** Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.50. The founder of the Dalton School here reports another pioneering adventure in education: an experiment in getting children to talk out freely to one another how they feel about such common experiences as lying, stealing, etc.

RIBBLE, MARGARET, **"The Rights of Infants."** Columbia University Press. $2.25. A new kind of declaration of human rights—a psychiatrist's declaration of the right of every newborn human to be received into an emotional environment conducive to growth.

ROGERS, CARL R., **"Counseling and Psychotherapy."** Houghton Mifflin. $4. Explaining in concrete detail the therapeutic process now widely known as "nondirective counseling," the author teaches us incidentally a good deal about how we can create situations that **are** emotionally fit to live in.

SAUL, LEON, **"Emotional Maturity."** Lippincott. $5. With copious illustrations from cases he has himself handled, one of our most distinguished psychiatrists here analyzes what is involved in our growing toward emotional maturity.

SCHAPIRO, J. SALWYN, **"The World in Crisis."** McGraw-Hill. $6. A penetrating historical analysis of the world's present crisis and what is deeply at stake in that crisis.

SHERRILL, LEWIS J., **"The Struggle of the Soul."** Macmillan. $2.50. A scholar equally at home with theology and psychotherapy here shows how the insights of one discipline can be translated into the language of the other.

SUTTIE, IAN J., **"The Origins of Love and Hate."** Messner, $4. In this landmark book a distinguished British psychiatrist revises the original Freudian theories of human nature to bring them into line with what has been revealed through the evolving practice of theory.

TRUEBLOOD, ELTON, **"Foundations for Reconstruction."** Harper. $1. In a time when we hear interminable vague talk about our need to recover spiritual values, the author makes our need to *discover* such values and act in terms of them both precise and urgent.

TRUEBLOOD, ELTON, **"Predicament of Modern Man."** Harper. $1. Rejecting the ethics of both the power state and the strictly individual approach to religion, the author states the case for a new "redemptive society."

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Jezebel on the Loop

"Sister Carrie," by Theodore Dreiser [1900] *(World Publishing Co. 557 pp. $2.50. Modern Library. $1.25) is a shocking violation of American good taste. So writes Mr. Geismar, author of "Writers in Crisis" and "The Last of the Provincials," who here adopts the tone of a turn-of-the-century literary critic.*

By Maxwell Geismar

THE PUBLISHERS have done well to suppress this novel directly after publishing it. This action was taken because of Mrs. Frank Doubleday's personal indignation, according to rumor, and I have received one of the few review copies that were sent out.

I can only ask how an eminent firm could ever have thought of printing this meretricious tale in the first place. Doubtless it was on the advice of their new "reader," Mr. Frank Norris, whose own questionable works of realism, such as "McTeague," should be presented to the attention of the ever-vigilant California authorities on freedom of speech.

Yet Mr. Dreiser's clumsy story has the merit of being an object lesson in the arts for all patriotic and high-minded citizens. And as always in these States, it was a Woman—that perennial symbol of Purity and of Motherhood—who first sensed the true danger to our morals. I do not know, incidentally, the racial origins of the present author, but very likely he has derived from the mixture of immigrant races who have lately been abusing the traditional hospitality of this great nation—this last refuge for the oppressed of all lands. Let them take care lest we shut our gates entirely to those unworthy of such gifts! Surely no native-born American, imbued by centuries of Anglo-Saxon conquest with the proper instincts of property, could read even the opening pages of "Sister Carrie" without a shudder of fear.

To take only one instance, many scenes of this novel are set in a Chicago saloon. "This was really a gorgeous saloon from a Chicago standpoint," Mr. Dreiser says—but that is not the question, of course. The central figures are the saloon-keeper himself and a traveling canvasser—though I mean no injustice to the more reputable agents of commerce who would doubtless never consort with the disreputable women of Mr. Dreiser's morbid fancy. I can hardly bring myself to mention the heroine of the novel who allows herself to be "picked-up" on the train by a complete stranger. Let me quote her response when the drummer (and to mention the names of these low personages is in the circumstances, I think, unnecessary)—when the drummer, I say, opens a "fat purse" and hands her "two soft, green, handsome ten-dollar bills."

What does she say? "She felt that she was immensely better off . . . Now she would have a nice new jacket." These are the author's very words, and if this system of atheistic materialism should ever come to prevail over our true religious and financial institutions, we know where the fault lies. People must *work* for a living.

Yet Sister Carrie, whom the author even seems to admire, continues to live in sin with the drummer, though the poor girl herself says she would prefer marriage. Worse: she deserts the drummer for the saloon-keeper, who leaves his wife, children, home, and business for her sake. The miserable couple set out for New York, where, among the lower orders, I suppose, they will live happily ever after.

—Gene Markey.

Dreiser—"lack of taste . . . morals."

Now what is the author's attitude before this clear violation of basic American principles—a sexual and financial transgression that can lead only to anarchy and revolution? (For Mr. Dreiser's saloon-keeper is also a thief, who has stolen his employer's money to run off with this brazen woman.) What does the author say after his heroine has deliberately broken the natural laws of religion and society? "Before this world-old proposition," says Mr. Dreiser—and I quote his own words again—"we stand, serious, interested, confused, endeavoring to evolve the true theory of morals."

IS THIS not equivalent to heresy—or treason? Let us remember that in this year of 1900 in the United States of President McKinley we have just escaped from the threat of free silver and of Mr. William Jennings Bryan's hybrid Socialism, which has menaced the Republic so continuously during the last years of the old century. And these perils were barely averted, as every cultivated reader knows, by aid of Divine Grace and Mr. Hanna's hard work . . . Nor should the reader be deceived, I pray, by Mr. Dreiser's pretense of "confusion." This author knows very well what is right and what is wrong—eternally right, eternally wrong. The "true theory of morals" which he seeks under a false show of innocence is in reality part of that concerted attack on native morals which stems from such decadent European sources as the French Zola and the Russian Tolstoy. See what has happened in our own universities, a network of alien intrigue dominated by William James, the "psychologist," Thorstein Veblen the "economist," and John Dewey, the "progressive educator."

Thus the new century dawns in social turmoil and philosophical anarchy—the real danger of our time. Could Mr. Dreiser's real name be Dresser, I wonder? And I have purposely kept for the last the question of this author's style. Mr. Dreiser (whose brother is a song-writer on Broadway!) obviously does not know the English language—but then why should he? It is his lack of taste, I submit, that is quite as appalling as his lack of morals—and surely both these factors together make this a dangerous book. The publishers were undoubtedly correct in returning it to their deepest cellars—safely away from the light of reason and common sense, and from the riots it might well provoke on the part of an outraged American citizenry.

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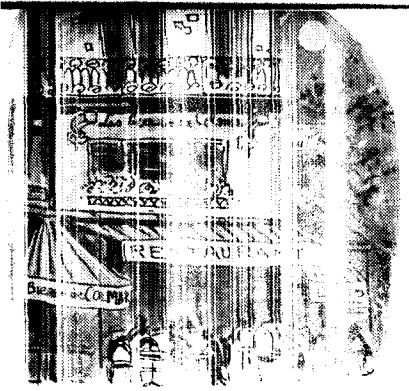
When the Warriors Sleep



"The Sun Also Rises," by Ernest Hemingway [1926] (Scribner, 25th pp. 83, Modern Library, $1.25) is that rara avis, a first novel a quarter of a century old that remains as fresh as the day it was published. Mr. Baker, who reviews it here, is chairman of the English Department at Princeton and author of "Hemingway: The Writer as Artist."

By Carlos Baker

LAST October 2 "The Sun Also Rises" was twenty-six years old, almost precisely the age of Hemingway when he wrote this memorable first novel. For many older readers this dramatization of the predicament of a small group of Jazz Age D.P.'s in Paris and Pamplona is still the favorite Hemingway novel. New acquaintances who pick it up in bookstores, college classrooms, or public libraries are still likely to find it as fresh, as enthralling, and most of all as undated as it was when it rolled off the Scribner presses in 1926. The news about "The Sun Also Rises" is that it is still new.

When a book keeps fresh that long, one begins to suspect, as with the body of Nikolai Lenin under the walls of the Kremlin, that some secret art must be involved in the keeping-process. But Hemingway's art is not that of the Soviet mortician, giving what is dead the appearance of life with lip-rouge, pancake make-up, false hair, and hidden structures of wax. His business is with the living. From the first of his career it has been his maxim that the only kind of book worth writing is one that will last. To last, as he once told Maxwell Perkins, and to do work that will last—this is the double rule for the artist and his art.

The critical question (in both senses of the word) is why "The Sun Also Rises" has lasted, and by what hidden art and artifice its survival is more or less permanently guaranteed. Four parts of an answer can be readily given. First its language, having been pruned of the temporary, the faddist, and the adventitious, is still in daily use among us. Age cannot wither the possible variations of which this clean, clear denotative diction is capable. Second is the devotion to fact, that debt—as Conrad's "Nigger" preface observed—which the writer always owes to the physical universe. Third, and a corollary of the second, is the skill in the evocation and manipulation of emotional atmospheres. Such a skill is possible only to one for whom the moral and esthetic apprehensions of human situations—their truth and falsehood, their beauty and their ugliness—has the immediate force of a blow to the midriff, or of the quiet leap and stir of the pleasurably astonished heart. Fourth is the symbolic landscape which in company with the diction, the recorded fact, and the deeply implied emotion, sustains and strengthens "The Sun Also Rises" from underneath, like the foundation of a public monument.

Are there, perhaps, some other reasons for the perennial freshness of this novel? Surely not the initial notoriety it gained as an alleged *roman à clef*. All such works, from "Diana of the Crossways" to "The Disenchanted," must make their way through long futurity without benefit of extrinsic connections, and finally by intrinsic artistic merit. Surely not again by that trick of social irony which caused the novel to be adopted by literary historians as some kind of Exhibit A of "Lost-Generationism." Not only was the book intended by its author to combat the notion of a Lost Generation; it has also outlived the funeral sermon preached over Hemingway and his generation by John W. Aldridge a few years ago.

MAYBE the book has lasted because, as Barnaby Conrad told Harvey Breit, it contains a classic account of certain notable *corridas* in the Pamplona bull ring years ago. Yet it is perhaps critically irrelevant that Hemingway anticipated by a generation the current spate of novels and films which center on the art of fighting bulls. Though Pedro Romero's triumphant victories at the fiesta of San Fermin play a strategically climactic part in the novel, it would clearly be an error to attribute the book's survival solely to a group of athletic episodes which do not occupy more than 5,000 of its 90,000 words. No. The real reason for the undiminished light and heat with which Hemingway's "Sun" keeps on shining a quarter-century after its first rising is the unforced and seemingly careless mastery with which its young author faced up to and overcame a problem in practical aesthetics.

The basic strategy is a counterpoint between two sets of emotional atmospheres. In the first part of the novel something vexed and potentially vicious (the neurotic triangle formed by Cohn, Campbell, and Lady Brett) is played off against something healthily and naturally masculine (the upland sport of the fishing-trip to Burguete). Later, in the lowland around Pamplona, the counterpoint shifts to the comparative study of Cohn and Romero: the former's sentimental fawning egotism shows all the uglier by contrast with the manly self-reliance and natural bravery of the bullfighter. At Pamplona also occurs the pagan-Christian counterpoint, with Jake's unobtrusive piety arrayed against Brett's Circean witch-hood, a brilliant dramatization of the fact that the fiesta of San Fermin combines Christian ceremonial with pagan celebration. Beneath all these oppositions runs Hemingway's moral geography: his consciousness of the permanence of nature as over against the evanescence of the generations of man, his stoic sense of the vanity of the vain, his stoic admiration for the endurance of what is durable.

"The Sun Also Rises" is not a perfect novel. A reader who follows through the sequence of "A Farewell to Arms" and "For Whom the Bell Tolls" should become aware of the increasing subtlety and assurance with which Hemingway employs his language and his facts (the connotative use of facts replaces their denotative use to a much greater degree). Readers may likewise note the livelier dexterity with which he plays off his emotional atmospheres against one another, and the deeper imaginative interpenetration of the author's moral and esthetic sensibilities. Still, "The Sun" is a very good novel indeed; one may confidently predict that it will easily outlast another twenty-six years. Anyone who is curious about its ability to survive beyond 1978 might try writing an open letter to his grandson.

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Problems of Pedigree

"Man's Place in Nature," by T. H. Huxley [1863, 1896] *(now out of print), made it clear that Darwinism applied to all forms of life including man—though not claiming descent from apes. Professor Montagu, chairman of the anthropology department of Rutgers University and author of "Man's Most Dangerous Myth," shows here why it is still exciting reading.*

By Ashley Montagu

ON NOVEMBER 24, 1859, Charles Darwin's "On the Origin of Species" was published by John Murray. The explosions created by that event are still reverberating around the world. Darwin endeavored to show that the whole kingdom of life had evolved as a result of the action of natural selection upon favored races in the struggle for existence. There was, however, one notable omission from the many families of animals with which he dealt in his pages, and this was man. The omission was a tactical one; but the undrawn conclusion was obvious. Man was descended from some ape-like creature. Lest there could long be any doubt of this, Professor Thomas H. Huxley published, in January 1863 (thirteen months after the appearance of Darwin's volume), a small, readable, and judicious book.

Huxley's book, which is usually reprinted under the short title "Man's Place in Nature," originally contained three essays, "On the Natural History of the Man-Like Apes," "On the Relations of Man to the Lower Animals," and "On Some Fossil Remains of Man." In later editions Huxley added a new preface and three new essays, "On the Methods and Results of Ethnology" (1865), "On Some Fixed Points in British Ethnology" (1871), and "On the Aryan Question" (1890). And what a book it is!

"Darwin's bulldog," as Huxley called himself, had already declared himself ready to take on all comers, perhaps not a little truculently. At the 1860 British Association meeting he had gloriously made a monkey out of a bishop ("Soapy Sam" Wilberforce), and caused another bishop's wife to deliver herself of an immortal remark. It is said that when the Bishop of Worcester communicated the intelligence to his wife that the horrid Professor Huxley had announced that man was descended from an ape, she exclaimed: "Descended from the apes! My dear, let us hope that it is not true, but if it is, let us pray that it will not become generally known." To have inspired such a remark . . . how enviable is the lot of some men!

Huxley was a brilliant writer, a gift that his son Leonard, and his two famous grandsons, Julian and Aldous, have so abundantly inherited. Huxley's scientific and "popular" writings run to many volumes, but the book on which his fame most securely rests is the one under review. It is his best known book, and his most important.

Reading and reviewing "Man's Place in Nature" in 1953, one begins to feel very quickly that this is a courageous and an inspiring book. Everyone in the least interested in the history of man should read it, but especially the young student of man. What an inspiration such passages as the following from the new preface [illegible] human nature has not sensibly changed during the last thirty years. I doubt not that there are truths as plainly obvious as generally denied, as those contained in 'Man's Place in Nature,' now awaiting enunciation. If there is a young man of the present generation who has taken as much trouble as I did to assure himself that they are truths, let him come out with them, without troubling his head about the barking of the dogs of St. Ernulphus. 'Veritas praevalebit'—some day; and, even if she does not prevail in his time, he himself will be all the better and the wiser for having tried to help her. And let him recollect that such great reward is full payment for all his labor and pains."

Such a passage can, and has, inspired the labor of a lifetime, and the reward, indeed, is as Huxley says it is.

HUXLEY regarded the reprinted edition of "Man's Place in Nature" as possibly still useful as an introduction to the subject, although mainly of historical interest. For these very reasons it is a pity that the author chose to omit one of the most instructive and entertaining parts of the book, namely, the controversy about the

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

THE CARELESS CATALOGUER

The titles of many books, plays, and poems are frequently cited erroneously. Below are twenty titles, nineteen of which contain errors. Can you give the title correctly and name the author? Allowing five points for each such correct combination, a score of sixty-five is a grudging pass, seventy-five nice going, and eighty-five or better reason for loud huzzas. Answers on page 16.

1. Love's Labour Lost.
2. Poems of the Past and Present.
3. The Three Black Pennies.
4. Dr. Lavender's People.
5. Young Lonergan.
6. The Beautiful and the Damned.
7. A Farther Range.
8. The American Tragedy.
9. Tales of a Rolltop Desk.
10. Septimus Felton.
11. The Rise of Silas Latham.
12. The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire.
13. Scenes of Clerical Life.
14. The Adventures of Count Ferdinand Fathom.
15. Frawley Parsonage.
16. The Forsythe Saga.
17. The Heart of Darkness.
18. A Blot in the 'Scutcheon.
19. Death Comes to the Archbishop.
20. A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court.

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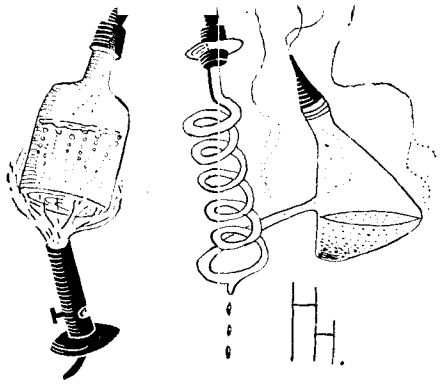

structure of the ape and human brains. Charles Kingsley amusingly refers to this controversy in the "Water Babies," where he speaks of a well-known structure of the brain as "the hippopotamus [hippocampus] minor." On this matter Huxley crossed swords with the great comparative anatomist and anti-Darwinist Sir Richard Owen, and emerged the victor. It is a stirring story—it should have been retained.

IN THE first essay Huxley gives an admirably clear and factual account of the structure of the man-like apes, preceded by a fascinating history of our knowledge of these creatures. In the second essay he sets out the facts of developmental anatomy to prove that man develops in a manner identical with the animals "immediately below him in the scale." He then goes on to show that "it is quite certain that the Ape which most nearly approaches man, in the totality of its organization, is either the Chimpanzee or the Gorilla."

Huxley nowhere says that man is descended from a chimpanzee or a gorilla—but this is frequently what he is misrepresented as having said. Indeed, Huxley goes out of his way distinctly to emphasize "the great chasm" which separates man from the apes.

It is in this chapter that there occurs one of the most eloquent pieces of writing in the whole history of science—the explanation of the meaning of man's lowly origin. "Thoughtful men, once escaped from the blinding influences of traditional prejudice, will find in the lowly stock whence Man has sprung the best evidence of the splendor of his capacities, and will discover in his long progress through the Past reasonable ground of faith in his attainment of a nobler Future."

I wish I could go on quoting the final noble passages of the second essay, but space runs out, and I have dealt with only one-third of the book. It is all very, very good, and age has but served to improve its flavor.

The Dynasty of Rattus rattus

"Rats, Lice and History," by Hans Zinsser [1935] *(Little, Brown. 301 pp. $4), is a fine example of the art of writing science, according to Mr. Bates, professor of zoology at the University of Michigan.*

By Marston Bates

HANS ZINSSER'S "Rats, Lice and History" purports to be a biography—of a disease known as typhus. The author manages to get around to a discussion of this hero of his by page 212, and tends to stay on the subject during the remaining third of the book. Whether he stays on the subject or not doesn't matter because what he has to say is always interesting, be it about typhus, or Gertrude Stein, or lice among the Aztecs, or Napoleon, or the decline of the Roman Empire, or the funeral of Thomas à Becket, or A. N. Whitehead, or the unimportance of generals. And this miscellany isn't really discursive or irrelevant, despite the author's claims and apologies, because the book is not so much about typhus as about the interrelatedness of things, with typhus and history as the threads that bind the demonstration together.

Professor Zinsser labeled his book a "biography," and as biography is considered to be a literary art form he had a fine excuse to start out with a discussion of art versus science. He wasn't able to find much difference, but since artists have little hesitation in sounding off about science, Zinsser felt no need for inhibitions in sounding off about art, and proceeded to air his prejudices about biographers in particular and writers in general. A few custards from this discussion land, quite incidentally, on the philosophical obscurities of Whitehead. There is much here to be pondered by all scientists and all writers.

The author then gets involved with the origins of life and the nature of parasitism—quite logically, since the typhus that he proposes eventually to discuss involves living organisms in a parasitic relationship. This gets him into a general discussion of diseases, their origins and permutations, with illustrations from the histories of things like syphilis, smallpox, gonorrhea, and plague. This is a masterly job of painless transmission of scientific information and concepts. "Painless" isn't the right word, because the process is downright enjoyable; the reader has only a slight and pleasantly tingling awareness that he is being educated. The intrusion of documentation and quotations from the Greek seems merely amusing.

After this come several chapters on diseases in the ancient Mediterranean and in medieval Europe, with a sort of summary chapter "on the influence of epidemic diseases on political and military history and on the relative unimportance of generals." The excuse for all of this is the need for determining the antiquity of typhus. Zinsser concludes that there is no clear evidence for this disease in Europe before the fifteenth century, but he sifts a remarkable collection of information before arriving at this negative result.

ZINSSER was a bacteriologist, so he quite naturally saw bacteria everywhere—defeating the massed horde that Xerxes brought to bear on Greece (perfect tinder for an epidemic in a pre-sanitary world), changing the Roman-Carthaginian balance after the epidemics of the sieges of Syracuse, deciding the civil struggle between Mark Antony and Octavius, controlling the course of the Crusades. He most probably overemphasized disease, as other students of history have overemphasized economics or personalities or ideas or climates. But the subject needs overemphasis. The great plagues get into our school books, but as catastrophes rather than as examples of the continuing pressures that shape human destiny. The Spanish conquest of America makes no sense unless the viruses, bacteria, and protozoa that took passage with the conquistadors are taken into account, but we give credit to Cortes rather than to smallpox. My only quarrel with Zinsser would be that he fell too readily into descriptions of cause-and-effect relationships, despite his clear recognition of the complexity of historical causation. Often it looks to me as though disease were the result, or concomitant, of economic disorganization, rather than the cause, but there are no descriptions of such relationships in this book.

With Chapter Nine, Zinsser turns from human history to natural history and takes up first lice, then rats, then rickettsiae, the three kinds of organisms that, with men, play lead roles in the drama that we call typhus. He does a good job of trying to get

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the lice rather than the rats; he even draws up a rather detailed list of rat crimes. "The natural history of the rat," he points out, "is tragically similar to man's," so maybe his attitude is a sort of displaced misanthropy.

History, lice, rats, and rickettsiae are all pulled together in the last chapters into a connected story of typhus—still, to be sure, with digressions and asides of opinion, prejudice, and erudition.

Zinsser states flatly that he detests "popular science" and that he endeavored to avoid it in this book. Maybe so. I suppose it depends on definition, and I am sure Zinsser would regard definition as an occupational disease of scholastics (commonly resulting in sterility). But however this book is classified, it does a fine job of conveying the feel of science, and of showing the mind of a scientist at play with facts and ideas. Probably he was right. The book isn't popular science. It is the product of a man who was a writer as well as a scientist; who loved words as well as he loved lice and rickettsiae and ancient chronicles; who handled words with the same expert care that he lavished on bacterial cultures. It is not popular science; it is art, a delicate art that amuses and diverts and yet gives new understanding to familiar things and adds new things to familiar understandings.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Love's Labour's Lost," by William Shakespeare. 2. "Poems of the Past and the Present," by Thomas Hardy. 3. "The Three Black Pennys," by Joseph Hergesheimer. 4. "Dr. Lavendar's People," by Margaret Deland. 5. "Young Lonigan," by James T. Farrell. 6. "The Beautiful and Damned," by F. Scott Fitzgerald. 7. "A Further Range," by Robert Frost. 8. "An American Tragedy," by Theodore Dreiser. 9. "Tales from a Rolltop Desk," by Christopher Morley. 10. "Septimius Felton," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. 11. "The Rise of Silas Lapham," by William Dean Howells. 12. "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," by Edward Gibbon. 13. "Scenes of Clerical Life," by George Eliot. 14. "The Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom," by Tobias Smollett. 15. "Framley Parsonage," by Anthony Trollope. 16. "The Forsyte Saga," by John Galsworthy. 17. "Heart of Darkness," by Joseph Conrad. 18. "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon," by Robert Browning. 19. "Death Comes for the Archbishop," by Willa Cather. 20. "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," by Mark Twain.

That Which Is That

"A Dictionary of Modern English Usage," by H. W. Fowler [1926] *(Oxford. 742 pp. $4), perhaps the most fascinating of all dictionaries and certainly one that every writer and would-be writer should know, is the favorite "old book" of Professor Blanshard, chairman of Yale's philosophy department.*

By Brand Blanshard

THE story is told that a friend of an old lady who was known as a great reader gave her a copy of Johnson's Dictionary. Meeting her later, he asked what she thought of it. "Very instructive indeed," said she, "but I did seem to notice a trifling want of connection." That objection would veto all dictionaries I know as general reading matter—all, that is, except one. The exception, of course, is Fowler's "Modern English Usage." Just twenty-five years ago I bought a copy of this extraordinary book and read a few articles in it. I was fascinated, and thereupon decided to begin at page 1 and read straight on till I bogged down. I didn't stop till I reached "zulu" and "zwieback."

Why is this book unique among the vast tribe of dictionaries? Partly because it is not written like a dictionary at all, but like a letter. It bubbles and chuckles along as if it were so much wayward talk, indulging in little digs and naughtinesses, and breaking out into little "whoops of blessing" as it goes. Yet none of this is really irrelevant. Fowler swam about so easily in linguistic learning and so delighted in it that it made him feel like cutting capers to get back into his element; he wrote on other things, but never with the ease and mastery he showed in discussing usage. Then, too, the book has the curious advantage that its manner at every point enforces and illustrates its matter. Fowler is talking about good writing, and there could be no more effective proof of how sound his principles were than his own example in explaining them. The clearness and economy with which he ticks off, one after another, his thousand judicial decisions on moot points are a bracing example of what good writing can do. A boy can learn something about tennis from having a competent senior explain to him its tactics. But it is a quite different sort of thing to see Kramer or Sedgman win matches with those tactics. Fowler coaches us in both ways.

Oddly enough, his great book fits perfectly with the somewhat scatterbrained habits of our time. We don't like long articles; the journals that chiefly flourish are the ones that feed us snippets. Well, Fowler is all snippets, but choice of their kind. For example, are there any two words in the language that are exact synonyms? Not *begin* and *commence,* of course; "the writers who prefer *ere* and *save* to *before* and *except* may be expected to prefer *commence* to *begin* in all contexts." Fowler does find two perfect synonyms, *gorse* and *furze.* Are you clear on your pronunciation of *centenary, cicada, consols, dahlia, duress, fulsome, gourd, hautboy, illustrate, jonquil, leeward, maestro, pogrom, profile, sacrilegious, samurai, stevedore, turbine, vase, viola?* Did it ever occur to you that *isle* and *island* have no connection with each other etymologically? Are you under the illusion that *that* and *which* are to be used in the same way? See also articles on Cannibalism, Love of the Long Word, Sturdy Indefensibles, Hyphens, and Wardour Street.

WHO was this H. W. Fowler? He was an extraordinarily shy and unassertive little man who missed his first class at Oxford and spent seventeen somewhat dreary years teaching in a Yorkshire secondary school. Resigning then, he went as a free lance to London, where he lived for some years on an income of about £150, trying, not very successfully, to break into the magazines, doing much of his cooking in his own room, and giving much of his tiny income away. Later he moved into a cottage on the island of Guernsey to be near his brother Frank, with whom he collaborated on "The King's English." In 1941 both brothers went off to the war, though both were over age and Frank died as a result of his service. Henry was fifty-seven, but he had kept himself in trim by long daily runs to the ocean and plunges into it, winter and summer; and passing himself off as forty-four, he went to France and served as a private in the front-line trenches. He married late but most happily, and went with his wife to a Somerset village to work on his

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votedly through a long illness. He was always poor, always worked immensely hard, demanded little, and received little in the way of recognition till the very end of his life. A pretty grim sort of existence, one may say. Outwardly yes; inwardly not at all.

life was to do their jobs effectively and uncomplainingly, and no one can read his dictionary and fail to feel the delight of a scholar and craftsman in his work. He was doing a superb job, and he must have known it. Fortunately he lived just long enough to learn that the world knew it too.

REVIEWER'S FAVORITE / POLITICS

Way of All Reds

"The Forgotten Peace," by John W. Wheeler-Bennett [1939] *(out of print), an account of the peace of Brest-Litovsk, will help us understand the prolonged stalemate in Korea. General Marshall, author of "The River and the Gauntlet" and deviser of the interview method for battle-analysis, explains below why Wheeler-Bennett's book merits a new and wider hearing.*

By S. L. A. Marshall

MAO TSE-TUNG, who is quite a soldier, wrote in 1936 a text book on war in general and how Red China should wage it in particular. In the English version it is fogged by the same sort of generalizations which make most of Clausewitz unsatisfying. But there are enough straight lines to show on what he was guiding and whither his thoughts were tending. Consider:

"Fight only when victory is certain, run away when victory is impossible."

"It is not enough to follow the civil war of the Soviet Union; we must respect the Soviet experience more than any other but we must also respect China's Revolutionary War."

"A Soviet war lasting ten years may be surprising to other countries but to us it is only the preliminary, the introduction."

"The defensive shakes the morale only of those countries where the class struggle is sharp, in direct contrast to our Soviet war. A strategic defensive war paralyzes politically alien elements and rallies the masses to join the fight."

"For not one single day can we afford the defensive politically. On the military field the defensive may be highly correct, as in the Russian Revolution during Brest-Litovsk."

As Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's forgotten book about a forgotten peace concerns Brest-Litovsk, the roots of Mao's thinking are not unrelated to a re-evaluation of that work. By reading the same lines a second time, one finds the key to what Mao expected to gain through intervention in Korea, and the answer to whether he has any interest in direct dealing for a legitimate peace.

Had there been as much regard from our side for the manner and meaning of policy as made by the Soviets over the years, it is conceivable that the U.N. delegates might have entered the Panmunjom jungle "as sheep in the midst of wolves . . . wise as serpents and harmless as doves," to the undoing of Mao and his mates. But it didn't work out that way. Our boys had missed, if not too many boats, then too many books. They couldn't imagine what they did not know—that Communism uses the peace table only to gain additional maneuver space to serve its purpose in the continuing war.

World War II was just about to break when Wheeler-Bennett wrote his definitive study of the German-Russian negotiations, the treaty which came thereof, the accompanying military moves, the tactics used by both sides at the table, and the political consequences of the treaty.

—*Fitzpatrick in the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"'Peace' Movement in Korea."

marked-down shelf before the first edition was exhausted. In the years since it has won no appreciation as a military book. Soldiers read it not at all, and our diplomats hardly more. One will not find the title on reading recommended to our services.

Truly, it is incredible! For there is thus consigned to the bookworms a fascinating and beautifully-documented account of one of the major events of the century, which is at the same time as valuable a military reference work as any in modern literature. It has always been a highly readable book, not less so because of the author's technical grasp of problems in the area where statecraft and fighting interlock than because of the carefully done vignettes of a great gallery of world figures such as Lenin, Wilhelm II, Max Hoffmann, Ludendorff, Trotzky, Czernin, Radek, Kuhlmann, and many others. But as a using book, it should have much greater importance today than in the hour for which it was written.

THIS is an incidental result of historical evolution rather than a gift from the clairvoyance of the author. Wheeler-Bennett wrote "The Forgotten Peace" as a warning in proof of how brutal Germans can be when they crack the whip over a peace table. But in the course of developing objectively the pattern and dynamic of the controversy, he also documented a more terrible and elusive truth—that when Communists meet to talk truce and peace with others, they do it not to stop war but to further world revolution. No one who ever read this book thoughtfully could have been deceived last summer that the enemy in Korea sincerely sought a truce on reasonably equal terms. That would have been heresy.

Though the situations of Brest-Litovsk and Panmunjom are totally unlike, the facial resemblance is as son to sire. There is the same stalling, dodging, twisting; the effort to win with time what can not be gained in space. That Brest-Litovsk was less of a marathon (the parleys covered from November 1917 until March 1918) was due only to the circumstance that HLH, the German high command, at last sickened of the game, resumed the war, and sent its armies wild goose-chasing through the Ukraine and into the Caucasus. That fit of exasperation proved fatal. When the Western Front began to crack in June 1918, the reserve Ludendorff needed was still holding down the lid in South Russia.

It may not ease our pain a bit to know that men like Hoffmann, Kuhl-

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has embarrassed our course in Korea, but as the Texan said just before they hanged him: "It's sure a terrible lesson."

Brest-Litovsk was Communism's first experiment with the twilight war as a device to unnerve and bewilder a military opponent. "We are going out of the war," said Trotzky. "but we will not sign a peace." No wonder his doctrine caused Max Hoffmann, the orthodox soldier, to exclaim: "Unterhört!" He didn't know this was the birth of a new invention—the Cold War, which gives rise to twilight war in all shapes and sizes.

BREST-LITOVSK was Communism's trial heat in using a truce table as a sounding board for world propaganda against capitalism. This bastard trick was there given its baptism of legitimacy. "The Party does not sign the treaty," said Lenin, "and for the Party the Government is not responsible." On the policy of "parallel diplomacy," first used at Brest, the activities of the Third International were based in the postwar years. Our delegates at Panmunjom expressed shock and surprise when the opposition quote from the book: "To further world upheaval and secure a breathing-space for the Revolution, a policy of delay was necessary at Brest. Negotiations must be protracted by every possible means . . . the one remaining weapon, interminable conversation. Lenin was prepared to use to utmost capacity." So Lenin sent Trotzky forth with the task of talking the juggernaut into a nervous breakdown, and while he was away, a man named Stalin moved up to become Lenin's second temporarily. The book quotes Col. Raymond Robinn's description of Trotzky: "A four-kind son-of-a-bitch but the greatest Jew since Jesus Christ." Maybe half of that would go for General Nam Il, but it's evident that he holds no copyright on long-windedness as a strategem in war.

If I have said enough to justify Wheeler-Bennett's title, a little more should be added to define the scope of this study. As a setting for the Brest-Litovsk struggle there is presented a reasonably complete history of the Communist Revolution of 1917. The story starts with the Czar at Moghilev hoping for word that his children had recovered from the measles and Lenin at Zurich hoping for news that Russia had broken out in a Red rash.

Lenin quickly recovers from the illusion that Russia, gone Communist, will promote Red revolution in all the warring countries. Not so the other Bolsheviks; they see total victory just around the corner.

Of this difference mainly came the internal struggle which nearly crushed Lenin while the Revolution was in crisis at Brest. That was his worst and best hour. The consolidation of his power dates from his insistence that the Revolution's one chance to triumph was to accept that a disgraceful defeat for Russia was inevitable. It made him temporarily the most hated man in Russia. As Wheeler-Bennett says, it also gave him rank among the great by the criterion that he had an extraordinary capacity to withstand criticism.

But the Lenin legacy remains an abscess upon the life of freedom. Statesmen chant, "War is not inevitable"; reason and history reply that the peace may fail despite our striving. To be decently prepared against the dread eventuality, our pre-planning must be highly imaginative and informed by all that can be recovered from human experience. There are many sides to the task of subduing the colossus, including the hand-to-hand grapple. This work puts light into many of the darkest corners.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 524

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 524 will be found in the next issue.

GROWL WE GROWL RUB

UPL LP OF ACDUQ PDL PA

LGF KWUBPK OM RUM NRU,

ODL SPRTFB BPKUELRWXE

R ELFV RL R LWNF.

NRXZ LKRWU

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 523

Gossip is vice enjoyed vicariously.

—ELBERT HUBBARD.

Cowtown Merlin

"The Circus of Dr. Lao," by Charles Finney [1935] *is a curious, unclassifiable fantasy that has won a devoted band of enthusiasts. One of the band is Joseph Wood Krutch, former professor of English at Columbia University and now a resident of Tucson, Arizona, who describes it below.*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

TWO seasons ago ANTA announced it would produce a dramatization of Charles Finney's "The Circus of Dr. Lao." It didn't, and one wonders just how a dramatiziation could possibly have been made. But one thing is certain: the all-too-few who read the book when it came out in 1935 remembered it.

When published, it did not pass unnoticed. In fact, it attracted enough attention to be called a success of esteem. But it cannot have sold very many copies and it is one of those books which when mentioned in company sometimes cause one eye to light up and provokes a pleased "Oh, so *you* read that, too." Perhaps the reason why it never got a wide public is that wide publics generally prefer a book which falls into a category and can be recommended to friends by saying that it's a good deal like so-and-so. But "The Circus of Dr. Lao" is not a good deal like anything else and it is, in fact, about as nearly unclassifiable as anything could well be. You could call it a "fantasy," but that is a pretty vague term and, besides, parts of this book are as literal as Sinclair Lewis. Is it Allegory? Is it Symbolism? Is it, perhaps, pure Spoof? A case could be made for calling it any of these things. And it is also a bit "curious" in the sly, bookseller's sense of that term.

The scene is a hot, dusty, sleepy little town in Southern Arizona where nothing has ever happened before and where, except for the sunshine and the drought, the inhabitants lead the same sort of lives they lead on any other minor Main Street. The story begins when the proofreader on the local daily notices something odd about the copy for the ad of a visiting circus. For one thing the name of the proprietor is not given; for another the claims are extravagant even by circus standards. There will be the expected menagerie, side shows, and grand concluding spectacle. But everything will be both unique and

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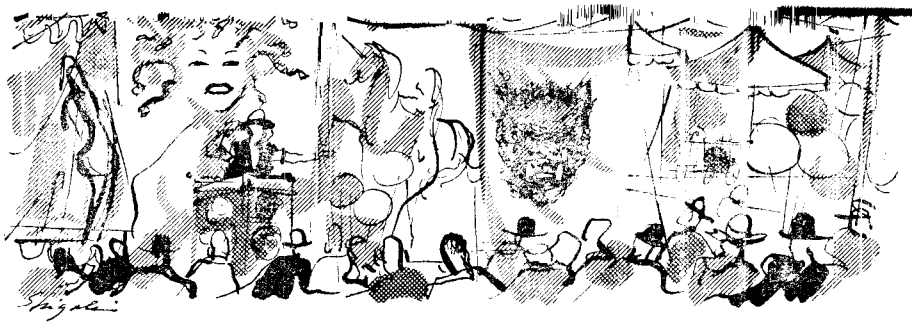

genuine. Instead of mangy lions and moth-eaten camels there will be a unicorn, a roc, werewolf, a medusa, etc. Instead of the usual belly-dancers and randy ponies there will be a peep show presenting the choicest erotic fantasies evolved in the course of the most luxurious civilizations. And, by way of spectacle, the circus proper will conclude with the destruction by the gods of the ancient city of Woldercan in the course of the offering of a human sacrifice.

Nobody who reads the ad believes any of this, but a few of the idle and the unhappy attend. Everything which the ad promised is fulfilled. But it might just as well not have been. The dull do not really see anything and the wise guys can explain how it was all done. The medusa is obviously a fake even though an obscure citizen who disregarded instructions is turned to stone and carted off in a truck. The lonely widow who is told by the authentic seer that there will be no more men in her life doesn't believe him. The two drunken college boys who visit the peep show merely confess that it is pretty hot stuff. And when Woldercan is blasted by the wrath of the earliest and least forgiving of the gods the habitues of the movies take it in their stride. In fact, the only person upon whom any permanent impression is made is the spinster schoolmarm who looks up "hermaphrodite" and a few other stimulating words in the dictionary.

AS FOR the reader, he moves back and forth between the two worlds: the dull, sluggish, vulgar, uncomprehending world of the citizens of Main Street and the other world, at once rank and obscene and grandiose, of history, legend, fable, and the dark fancies of the human imagination. What makes the experience memorable is the author's success in creating both these worlds so that the reader really sees, and understands, and shivers at what the fictional spectators never glimpses. Dr. Lao's circus was wasted on the inhabitants of Abalone, Arizona; but it is not wasted on us.

Perhaps this description of the book puts things in such a way as to make it unnecessary to attempt any further interpretation. But since so many readers seem to have been baffled and persisted in asking, "But what does it *mean*?" I may be forgiven for crossing the t's. Of course, and like all good books, it means a lot of things and if it meant only what can be stated in a few sentences then those few sentences would be better than the book. Moreover, like all good allegories, its symbols are ambiguous, not translatable into simple equivalent abstractions. Perhaps, therefore, "The Circus of Dr. Lao" is, among other things, a kind of a spoof and a rather novel bit of "curious" fiction. At least it is sometimes quite funny and sometimes a bit naughty. But principally, I think, it is a comment on the fact that most people have no imagination and that therefore they have no idea what kind of world they live in or what the past of their species has been.

We live in a world of wonders—of things quite as incredible as werewolves and medusae. We are also supposed to be the heirs of the ages, with a stupendous past of crimes and terrors as well as of magnificent events and magnificent imaginings behind us. But, for the most part, we realize neither our past nor our present. We live in a world of ads to be proofread and insurance to be sold. Moreover, there is nothing which can be done about it. If Woldercan were destroyed before our eyes it would be no more real to us than when we read about it in the history book. If we never see a dog, or a horse, or a cat we would never see a roc or sphinx either. For eyes that see not a circus of Dr. Lao is no better than an American Legion street carnival. If Abalone went to sleep in this world, no re-creation of the past before its eyes would wake it up.

The author? He served in China during the First World War and he is at present a newspaper man in Tucson, Arizona. He wrote at least one other and very different book, "Beyond the End of the Pavement," a humorous account of an active boyhood in a small town.

The Boss Animal

"Man for Himself: An Inquiry Into the Psychology of Ethics," by Erich Fromm [1947] *(Rinehart. 254 pp. $3.75) emphasized the need for philosophy as well as science in understanding ourselves. Mr. Overstreet, who evaluates its significance below, is the author of "The Mature Mind."*

By H. A. Overstreet

ONE of the dubious terms that has come out of recent science is "ethical relativism." To those of us who have looked for dependable norms of human conduct the term has given merely a shrug of the shoulders. "All ethical values are subjective; you can take your choice." Another dubious term has been "ethical neutrality." "Science"—so the theorizing has run—"deals with facts, not values. Psychological science cannot determine what is 'good' or 'bad' in human behavior. It can merely describe."

In "Man for Himself" Erich Fromm took issue with both these views. Out of his psychoanalytic practice he had come to the conviction that "psychology must not only debunk false ethical judgments but can, beyond that, be the basis for building objective and valid norms of conduct." This was a daring thing to say in the then climate of scientific opinion, where even to believe in objective norms was heretical, but where to declare that science could actually determine these norms was to write oneself down a scientific simpleton.

In making his declaration, Fromm, the psychoanalyst, placed himself squarely within the tradition of the great humanistic ethical thinkers. At the same time, he took sharp issue with Freud and his school. Although acclaiming the immense contribution Freud had made by debunking irrational value judgments, he nevertheless was convinced Freud's ethical relativism had been a hindrance to the development of ethical theory and the progress of psychological science.

SO HE wrote: "Psychology cannot be divorced from philosophy and ethics nor from sociology and economics." "Man for Himself" was psychology *and* philosophy. Also, it was psychology *and* sociology and economics. In short, it was a psycho-philosophical, psycho-sociological, and psycho-economic research into the bases of the productive life. Here

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tions.

The characteristic tragedy of man's life, Fromm pointed out, is that he has been led to doubt the one thing about himself that is most deeply authentic in his nature—the autonomy of his reason. This tragedy has taken two forms. On the one hand, man has been turned over to a Higher Power.

This Higher Power has been supposed to command his life; to warn him against deviations; to thrust him out of his paradises when he disobeyed. According to this centuries-old authoritarianism—still persisting in many quarters—man's life is not his own, to explore and organize and fulfil, but is a submissive (too-often rebellious) derivative of a Power infinitely beyond him.

The second form that man's tragedy has taken—mostly in contemporary times—has been to turn him over to a Lower Power. With elaborate clinical impressiveness, he has been shown to be a creature of dark, irrational impulses. What he has called true or good or beautiful has been revealed to him as merely disguises of his own irrational drives. Basically he was a low creature. The only good word that could be said for him was that he was decent enough, through his rationalizing disguises, to hide his irrational self from himself and his history.

THE time would at last seem to be ripe for returning man to his authentic self. This is what Fromm has tried to do—and does superbly. This is why his book is of central importance in a period when man's estimate of himself and of his fellows is at an all-time low. Man needs to know the dignity and power of his own intrinsic nature. He must, consciously and proudly, know how to be "for himself"—to realize the intrinsic powers he possesses and through their realization unite himself productively and happily with his fellows and his world.

Neither authoritarianism nor subjectivism, in short, is the answer to our human needs. Man fulfils his needs only as he is free to become what he inherently has it in him to become. This is ethical humanism. This, as against all the dictatorships that have enslaved the spirit of man, is the philosophy of man's proud freedom.

Fromm's message to our time is that we must learn to understand our basic selves. This means that we must learn how disastrously we can deviate from our basic selves through various immature orientations: refind our way to a genuinely productive orientation.

At a time when authoritarianism is in a particularly ugly mood and in its several forms is threatening to rise up and resist, Fromm's humanistic philosophy—which is philosophy *and* science—shows us where our deep human strength of freedom lies.

REVIEWER'S FAVORITE / FICTION

Bitter Physics of the Deprived

"Duke," by Hal Ellson [1949] *(Scribner. 170 pp. $2.75) is a frighteningly accurate fictional picture of the youth of the back streets for whom our society has failed to find useful places. It's the choice for re-reading of Nelson Algren, author of the prize-winning novel of Chicago's back streets, "The Man With the Golden Arm."*

By Nelson Algren

"I'D GET dreaming I could go in a bank and have a bullet-proof on," Duke daydreams, "and grab everything and have all the women in the world. I wanted to be a Superman. I wanted to rob a squad car with riot guns, snatch them up and shoot my name on a wall. I wanted to own the Eighth Avenue Subway and ride it all by myself. I'd have a special train to drive, and drive it to 42nd Street. People who want to get on would have to pay ten dollars. I'd buy a submarine for my wife and have catfish for lunch, devilfish for supper and salmon for dessert. I'd dream all kinds of crazy things. I was a nutty cat."

To those whose present faith it is that super-bazookas, Thunderjets and napalm suffice for the protection of our civilization, Duke's story should give pause enough to ask precisely what it is we are defending. A pause indicating that the more imminent danger is neither from MIGs nor atomic spies but from our own complacency; not from Soviet propaganda so much as from spiritual isolationism.

For since the end of the war a whole generation of vandals has come to maturity in the slums, and the extension of our larger business interests at the Elbe and Panmunjom provides as little security to us against them as it does to them from us.

"You got to be white. White kids got everything. White people run everything. White people own the world . . . If I could be white I could be everything. You can't go nowhere. You can't touch nothing. They say you can but you can't. There's no law saying you can't but you can't anyhow. It's a free country but you can't. You can't do nothing. Nobody can help it. It's just something that is. Some of them white people . . . are good, some are evil. But that don't help me. There's still a fence around the world."

For this fifteen-year-old Harlem Negro, as for hundreds of thousands of adolescents in the back-street jungles of every big city in the country, there is no alternative to the tyranny of the gang. "You got to belong or get your head busted in." If society won't call you by a name of your own, the gang will call you a man if you act like one.

Even recognition as an addict by other addicts is better than no recognition at all, and if one is a really rougy cat one is accepted somewhere at last. That is the recognition Duke finds and which, as President of the Mighty Counts, he in turn bestows upon other really rougy cats.

"And all along it was like walking in darkness, in a big black tunnel that had no end and no beginning and no lights and no nothing . . . no way out and nothing to do but just keep on walking and walking."

IT IS neither his rivals for leadership of the Mighty Counts nor informers that betray Duke: it is his own hands. "Right away I thought of my hands again. They're getting small, like sissy hands. There's something wrong with them and I feel funny eating at the same table with everybody but I can't tell any of them about that . . . then, while I'm on the stoop, some girls come around. I heard one of them say, 'With that voice you can get anything.' It was a girl's voice, but it was in a whisper. I got scared. I don't know who said it, so I said to the nearest girl, 'What did you mean by that?'

"She just looked at me. So did the others. They all looked at me and then one said, 'What are you talking about? I didn't say nothing to you.' "

"Do you understand, gentlemen," Kuprin once inquired, "that all the

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accuracy which indicates that the incidence of juvenile criminality is not to be checked by punitive legislation. That the widening use of narcotics among adolescents—monthly feature articles notwithstanding—will not be impeded by sentencing peddlers to life imprisonment. For the peddler is not a cause, but a result, and as much a victim of the traffic as the user, which he almost always is as well. So long as we evade the truth that it is not bad men, but the fantastic profits involved in the sale of the stuff here, which affords life to the traffic; until we acknowledge that it is a medical, not a police, problem so long will the trade prosper.

THE trade to prosper and the back streets to take their revenge. "From now on," Duke decides at last, "there's nothing for me to lose. I got nothing to lose at all. After this I'll be a mean and rougy cat. I'll remember this. Them cops got nothing on me. Nobody saw nothing and they can't prove nothing. Nobody's ever going to find that gun, and that other boy aint ever going to talk. And I aint. They can try beating it out of me, but they got to beat me to death first, and then I wont talk. Yeah, never!"

"But do you know," somewhere one of Dostoevsky's people cries out suddenly, "but do you know it is impossible to charge man with sins, to burden him with debts and turning the other cheek, when society is organized so meanly that man cannot help but perpetrate villainies; when economically he is brought to villainy and that it is silly and cruel to demand of him that which he is impotent to perform?"

Here is an integrated case-study drawn first-hand from many case studies; one of an integrity sufficiently high to earn a place for Duke on the same shelf as Gino of Frederick Wertham's "Dark Legend" and Bigger Thomas of Richard Wright's "Native Son."

Infirm Sciences of the Soul

"The Mind in the Making," by James Harvey Robinson [1921] (Harper. 235 pp. $1.75) tells a story that is perennially urgent: how the mind of man has struggled to divest itself of outmoded beliefs. Mr. Ernst, who reviews it here, is a member of the New York bar.

By Morris L. Ernst

ALL OF Aristotle's notes on astronomy and physics have been discarded. They are outdated. Not so his observations on politics and ethics, where man's mind has remained static in comparison with its approaches to science. For centuries students of nature have added to the knowledge of our universe. No such advances are seen in the knowledge of man about man. In that field particularly men are tormented by the opinions they have of things rather than by the things themselves. It is the thesis of James Harvey Robinson in "The Mind in the Making" that if the majority held the views of some there would be no need of wars to keep nurses busy, no national arrogances, and the major problems of the division of wealth would disappear. The real hope, he declared, was and is intelligence—critical open-mindedness. This volume treats the history of man's mind in relation to its retarding influences such as the fear of losing cherished beliefs. This story about the mind of man is more exciting and more fundamentally important than the extrovert struggles which pinprick most history books.

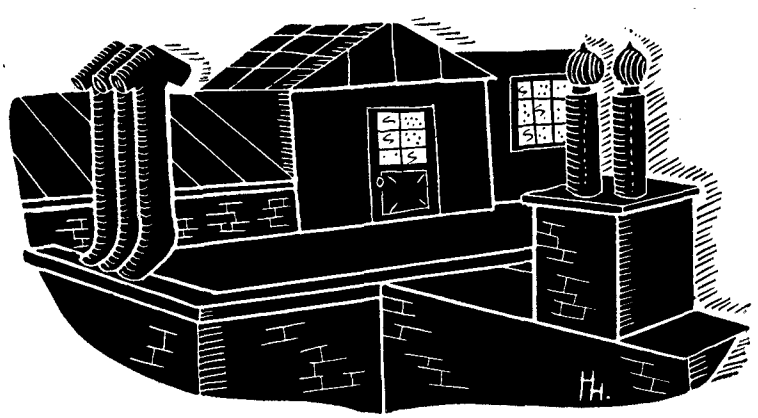
Written in 1921 and happily still in print, this short book could not, in my judgment, be brought up to date. The story of the human mind in the making cannot be outdated by any mere third of a century if wisely told. To prove the validity of this observation I refer to Robinson's own parallels. From the days of our savage primitive mind up to 1953 can best be portrayed by supposing that each 10,000 years were just one calendar year. Thus look at the section of history as if fifty years were all of man's history. It took forty-nine of such years for man to settle down from his wandering; writing dates only from the forty-ninth year and only a week ago man burned witches.

This volume is delightful, in the real sense of the word, full of light. Not only does this most human historian delve into various kinds of thinking—from "monkeying" around, to "aping," to reveries—but throughout he gives examples of man's thinking when it consisted of finding arguments for going on believing what it believed before. The conservative unadventurous elements of our "thinking history" is portrayed without cynicism or despair, since Robinson believes that creative thinking transforms the world. Galileo at the age of seventeen saw the lamp swinging in the church. The Greeks to whom we owe so much failed to discover a lens or a time piece, and Archimedes disdained keeping records as unbecoming to a philosopher, but one Greek did indicate that if lions had gods they would have shapes like their worshipers.

ROBINSON is an historian in the epic sense. He traces the shift from Reason to Faith in our medieval civilization, and the Epicureans who reduced two of man's apprehensions—God and death. But to the Greeks we owe so much in part because they had no antiquity of knowledge and no knowledge of antiquity. But even among the Greeks Aristotle was banished and Socrates was executed. Although we inherited metaphysics from the Greeks, Robinson treats this mental playtoy as something like smoking—a gratifying indulgence relatively innocent.

Our churches and gods flourished in the Middle Ages because man bowed to authority and to a tyranny of the past. But surely we now have learned that the past fails to furnish a reliable standard for present conduct. Heresy is always a tool to create conformity.

In tracing the history of man's mind



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those who go along with Robinson will appreciate the necessity of questioning everything once in their lives. But all men are conservative and hence partisan. Creative thought is rare and the race thus gets something for nothing since without understanding the mental processes of the few we garner the fruits of an Edison, a Freud, or an Einstein.

Robinson cries out for a change of heart and a chastened mood so that more people will see things as they are in the light of the past, and hence as they could be. An intellectual revolution has overtaken us and, as he wrote thirty years ago, there is "no peace but a common peace for the whole world."

This is one of the most exciting and creative books I have ever read. It helps the reader to check up on his own tribal thinking and to reaffirm that only by doubting do we come to questioning and only by questioning do we become critical beings.

In *The New York Times* H.G. Wells wrote in his review of this book:

> I do not know who it was who has said that the human mind being a product of the struggle for existence was essentially a food-

the line of this suggestion, it is upon a profound skepticism of the truth-testing instrument that the new school of thought is going. Our minds, the most fundamental of our presuppositions are as much a response to immediate necessities and as much the outcome of a process of trial, error, and adaptation as our bodies. They are as little to be relied on in new situations as are animal instincts. In the presence of immense new occasions thought must be immensely experimental. It has to be at once bold and skeptical. But in the fact of the tremendous occasions of our own time it has hitherto been pitifully timid and blindly credulous of and confident in the working assumptions of the past.

He then closes with:

> It is a cardinal book. I question whether in the long run people may not come to think it and the School of Social Research associated with it as marking a new and characteristic American initiative in the world's thought and methods as important or even more important than the Washington Conference that has just concluded.

Parable

By A. M. Sullivan

I knew a man who lost his mind
And what he lost he could not find.

In fact, he wouldn't even look
Within the covers of a book

For fear of finding it, nor search
The nave or steeple of a church

He thumbed his nose at every school
He passed, content to be the fool

In ample time he set the style
Of being foolish all the while

And here he went, and there he came
And heard the people call his name

And then he asked with some regret
"How foolish can the people get?"

And in remorse he sought a crumb
Of sense with his vacuum

And when he found it ten years later
The people hanged him for a traitor.

Word from New Zion

"Israel and the World," by Martin Buber [1948] *(Farrar, Straus & Young. 252 pp. $3.75), is the choice of Edith Hamilton, author of "The Greek Way" and "The Roman Way." She calls Buber's book a work of pure religion, deserving the study of Christians and Jews alike.*

By Edith Hamilton

MARTIN BUBER's "Israel and the World" is a remarkable book. Its subtitle is "Essays in a Time of Crisis," and it consists of articles and addresses on widely different subjects, all connected because their background is the new venture of the Jews in Palestine.

It can fairly be divided into two parts. The first half is an expression of what St. James calls "pure religion and undefiled." There are very few books which belong to this category. Devotional books, theological books, didactic religious books are without number, but pure religion has had few expressions. And even where it is to be found one must oftenest cull it out carefully from a host of matter which has nothing to do with what is truly and purely religion. Almost all religious writers are so conditioned by their creeds and their theologies that their books are largely made up of emphatic, even passionate, statements of the separation of the elect who accept the form or ritual or dogma they advocate from the vast number of those who do not.

But Professor Buber, although he writes as a Jew to Jews from the Hebrew University of Palestine, is not concerned with anything that goes on in synagogues or Jewish theological schools. He quotes what Moses said in Sinai to the people who had listened to God: "Ye heard the voice of words, but ye saw no form," and he comments, "It does not matter what you call the voice. All that matters is that you hear it."

He loves his own religion and he follows it with devotion. It is God's way for him, but his book is no apologia for it. He has reached a level, higher than Newman's, where stand all those who see the light of God so clearly that their eyes are blinded to the sharply drawn lines of division, supremely important on the lower levels. "The eternal truth," Professor Buber writes, "one of whose rays has entered the teaching of Israel." That is a wonderful declaration. In Pal-

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Hope and History

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Buell G. Gallagher has recently received the appointment of president of the College of the City of New York. He has taught for many years on the subjects of religion and education, and is an ordained minister of the Congregational Church.*

TWO thousand three hundred and eighty-six years ago two great powers, former allies, now enemies, glowered in angered distrust. The future hung on their decisions. Three decades of intermittent war were climaxed in tragedy. Mankind has been forever poorer. The only thing some men learn from history is that men do not learn from history. Can we learn from the mistakes of Athens and Sparta before all of Greece is lost?

Look first at Sparta. She was the perfect prototype of the totalitarian state. Militarism provided her code of conduct; tyranny the pattern of government; slavery the character of her freedom.

In tender youth the Spartan boy was taken from his home to live in barracks. He slept on coarse rushes from the river bank, without mattress or covers. He was issued one garment each year and learned to live in that one shirt without bathing, to make him tough. He was underfed, not only to keep him sinewy but also to prod him with hunger to theft. If caught, he was brutally punished, not for stealing but for stealing clumsily. He learned to hold his tongue before his elders, and to defend himself against any assailant except a superior officer. Approaching majority he met his final test by ambushing a Helot in the fields. If he succeeded in blooding his knife with the life fluid of a Helot, he was judged to have become a man.

Entering adulthood he might take a wife. Typically, he did so secretly, by force, and at night. Frequently a husband did not see his wife's face by daylight until after their first child was born. It was accepted Spartan practice to use the healthier women and braver warriors, regardless of marriage ties, to breed what was alleged to be a superior fighting stock.

In town between campaigns a Spartan adult spent his time at his club, a permanent military camp. The simple table was provisioned by clubmembers in turn from the produce of their farms. The land was divided into equal portions among all Spartan citizens. If there was a balance of the year's produce, the Helot who tilled the soil and harvested the crop might keep it. In lean years the Helot and his family merely starved.

The only times at which a Spartan dressed well and bathed and combed, aside from certain festival days, were the times of preparation for battle.

In government, also, Sparta showed the way for a Hitler or a Stalin. Twenty Senators made the decisions of State. At intervals the people were assembled to ratify the rulings of the Senate. There was no public debate of issues by the citizenry. The vote was Yes or No. And if it happened that the citizens voted contrary to the pleasure of the Senate, three Ephors could reverse the popular vote, to maintain the tyranny: Sparta was a dictatorship.

Spartans were forbidden to travel, for fear they might get ideas. Likewise, all strangers were banished lest contact leading to pestilence. A debased currency effectively discouraged all commerce with foreigners. Sparta had the original Iron Curtain.

The whole Spartan city rested on violence and exploitation. Helots were not "Spartans"; they were slaves. They outnumbered the Spartans several times over; but they were forbidden to keep arms, held in subjugation by an occasional well-placed murder or other act of terrorism, and constantly subject to the threat of treacherous ambush as they went about their work. Bound to the land, they could not move; but they could be dispossessed at will: Sparta was a vast forced-labor camp.

The ideal Spartan — and Spartans were moved by their ideals—the ideal Spartan was a robot with a tyrant's passions, a martinet's discipline, and a slave-owner's morality. Sparta put all her hopes in military power: She was a strong adversary, feared by her enemies: but she had few friends.

THE Athenian boy was taught not to obey, deceive, fight, kill; but to think, debate, work, appreciate, and above all to be pellucidly honest.

Athens was the citadel of free inquiry and of democratic culture.

Freedom of ideas and of trade was rooted in freedom of government. In Athens things were decided through public inquiry and free debate, in which the leaders were forced by circumstance to make their case with the masses of the people. Majority rule in monthly assembly settled the issues. Athens was the first great democracy.

Athens took her preparation for warfare lightly. Not arms, but the arts were her interest. Not soldiering, but trading. Not laconic aphorism, but spirited pursuit of ideas and ideals. Except in time of successes in war, Athenians were lovers of peace.

Athens did have a navy, the best of the day. Many a Mediterranean port owed its freedom to the intervention of the Athenian navy. The cities of the Doric League were bound to Athens with the golden chains of gratitude. The League's treasury supported the navy of Athens: Athens was the Great Liberator, the head of an empire of friends.

But the strength of Athens was also her ultimate downfall. Pressed by the necessity of paying for year after year of costly warfare, Athens looked to the League members for increasing tribute. But heavier levies did not swell the revenues; they merely increased unpaid balances. Wheedling gave way to chicanery and eventually to extortion. Meanwhile, the

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"Deposition," by Goya.

estine, *where ardent* [illegible] is on the alert, combating foes that would put it down, where two mighty forces—religion [illegible] nationalism—have united to put the foes down, in that atmosphere of passionate fervor a Jew says to his countrymen, "*The eternal* [illegible] has myriads of rays. One of them has come to us."

An English writer in the early Middle Ages said, "*God may well be loved.* He cannot be thought." Over the centuries the modern Jew stretches out *his hand* to the medieval Christian. Professor Buber says, "God is found not by thought, but by love." Two rays of the *eternal* truth converge and double *their* brightness. There is an actuality, Professor Buber writes, which rises above the highest idea, and he quotes a great disciple of Kant, Hermann Cohen: "I can comprehend the ideal only by loving it." This is a declaration of the primacy of love in seeking the truth. The goal is not the knowledge of God, but the love of God. Love can give understanding beyond the understanding of the mind. St. John summed it up: "He that loveth not knoweth not God."

THE philosophers' God is an idea, the Absolute, "a power," in Buber's words, "which cannot be identified with any attribute accessible to the human understanding." It is the loftiest image of all the images formed by the mind, but it is only an image, a human construction. "At the point, however, where the Absolute is loved," Buber says, "he is no longer *the Absolute*, but God."

What is the love of God? What does it mean to love God? Buber quotes an Athenian who said of the Jews, "They imitate God's mercy." The ways of God are "merciful, long-suffering, and abundant in loving kindness and truthfulness." They are God's ways; they can be our ways. "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord."

The last half of the book is of less general interest. It discusses special problems for the people in Palestine, yet in a way that has nothing of narrow sectarianism. At the very end Buber says of the Voice which speaks to Israel, the ray from the eternal truth which has come to them, that it is not the voice of a God whom the people created in their own image, but one who confronts them and makes a stern demand on them. He demands for the whole life of man, not for isolated spheres, truth and not lies, right and not wrong, so that the obligation to be truthful and to be just is for public as for private life, for the nation toward other nations as for the individual toward other individuals. Right is divided from wrong as unconditionally as when at the Creation God divided light from darkness.

Professor Buber's spirit is so elevated, his power to see the general in the particular is so great, that what he says to Jews in Asia any Christian can apply to Christianity in America.

With Hair Hammer

"History of Art," by Elie Faure [1920-1929] *(Dover, 2 vols., 2175 pp. $12.50) thawed out and fertilized American cultural soil a generation ago. Walter Pach, the distinguished art critic and historian who translated it, here considers the influence it has had here and abroad.*

By Walter Pach

IN 1912 I came to the conclusion that Faure's "History of Art" was the book most needed by America. Roger Fry had said that a lot of steam and smoke came out of the French author's volcano, but the answer was obvious: there was fire there, and it went so deep down into the earth that I was convinced of its being able to thaw out the frozen ground characteristic of the American Scene.

Our publishers turned out to be convinced also—but it was of an idea opposed to my own. "It's a beautiful book, of course, and the text is doubtless as important as you say; but with those hundreds of illustrations to each volume, and with [illegible] public for art, *there's* just no possibility of bringing it out here." when the work appeared after seven years of such objections, their what has been, I'm quite sure, most profitable piece of art-publishing in American annals. The success was immediate, the first volume paying for the whole five, with increasingly favorable reviews giving new impetus to the sale of the preceding instalments. Meanwhile, in Europe, the work began to be translated into other languages, and Elie Faure, sensitive about the hostility he met among many of his compatriots, once exclaimed, "Decidedly, I am an *article d'exportation.*" But he was wr[illegible] The attitude of the "official" critic could, indeed, be summed up by a remark that Salomon Reinach once made when commenting on the difficulties of my task as translator. "Oh that style," he sighed, "that style! And yet it's his only merit. As history the thing simply doesn't exist."

Yet years before a younger (and deeper) critic had given the answer to that judgment, when he said, "Previous to the work of Elie Faure the history of art had not been written." Acres of books had been filled with names and dates (and no one has paid finer tribute than Elie Faure to the archeologist, for it is he who

(*Continued on page* 40)

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MELVILLE AND FAULKNER FANS, NOTE

MELVILLIANS WERE ASTOUNDED to learn from Harold Vinal's poem "Once When the Sea" [*SR* May 30] that Captain Ahab went "around the Horn" in pursuit of Moby Dick. Alas, it was the Cape of Good Hope which the *Pequod* passed on its way through the Indian Ocean to its eventual disaster off the coast of Japan. Bibliographical Faulknerians in like manner were horrified for Bennett Cerf [*SR* June 6] to tell us that "Notes on a Horsethief" (1950) came from the pen of "the then-unknown Mr. F." during his "apprentice days." "Horsethief" is a product of that very year which brought its author the Nobel prize.

RICHARD WALSER.

Raleigh, N. C.

PROOF OF PUDDING

WHEN ASHLEY MONTAGU [*SR* May 30] revived the age-old controversy over the relative superiority of the sexes, I assumed that he had his tongue in his cheek and that after the first outburst of indignation from the males and hearty approval from the females the matter would end, but it hasn't.

I have an equally good proof of the superiority of men: their hormones. A "freemartin" is a twin calf which started out to be a female but got unduly influenced by male hormones, and so ended up being neither one thing nor the other. Her, or its, twin brother was more precocious. The embryonic male gonads develop more rapidly. Male hormones flow over to the female twin and inhibit her proper development. She is born half this and half that. In short, the male hormone subdues the female.

WILLIAM SEIFRIZ.

Philadelphia, Pa.

CHERCHEZ SA FEMME

I'd like to meet Mrs. Montagu
(Not the one that Shakespeare knew)
Ashley's mother or is it wife
The woman superior in his life.
I want to know if he treats her fair
What chores and children do they share?
And when they talk is it man to man
Or woman to woman—and whether he can
Trust her accounting for what she spends.
Does his praise include her women friends?
Cherchez this femme—she must be grand!
I'd go out of my way to shake her hand.

ALICE SUTTON MOORE.

Jackson, Miss.

LODGE, HARDING AND THE LEAGUE

MAY I CORRECT or qualify some points on the valuable article by Roper and Crusius on "What Americans Think" [*SR* June 6] when they think about the peace and the United Nations? I believe that I am the sole survivor of the newspapermen who worked and fought for American entry into the League of Nations, and who were betrayed by Harding and the "wilful men"—in Wilson's words—who bitterly opposed him and, at the last, played a shabby confidence game on the Nation.

To say that "the defeat of Cox by Harding in 1920 has sometimes been interpreted as a vote by the people against joining" the League is, perhaps, to give a wrong impression. In truth, no such interpretation was warranted by the facts of the time, and no responsible person ventured to sponsor it. Not one national Republican figure had repudiated the League or declared it unnecessary and undesirable. Leading supporters of Harding had said that the idea of a League was fine and sound, and that the objection of Wilson's opponents was to the "Wilson League," strictly speaking.

It was legitimate enough to claim that the voters had endorsed the seventeen Lodge reservations. The Chicago newspaper I worked for, *The Daily News*, accepted these reservations and continued to advocate joining the League. The manifests of the fifty-seven pro-League Republicans, who seriously told the public that the best way to insure our joining was to elect Harding, undoubtedly carried much weight and reassured hosts of pro-League Republicans and Independents.

Wilson was too stubborn, too unrealistic, possibly too ill, to think straight. He should have accepted the reservations and joined the League. Once a member, Uncle Sam would soon have forgotten his reservations and assumed an active, constructive part in the League. Regrets are vain, of course, but some lessons of that political and moral drama are still relevant and pertinent.

VICTOR S. YARROS.

La Jolla, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Beau Brummel said he couldn't find words to describe my new outfit."

MYTH AND FACT

WHILE PROFESSOR EDMAN'S "my[illegible] undoubtedly oversimplificati[illegible]ths" are [illegible]ican life they contain m[illegible]ons of Amer[illegible]ments of truth." Inde[illegible]more than "ele[illegible]Myth of America[illegible]ed, his article "The [illegible]23] goes furt[illegible]n Europe" [*SR* May validity tha[illegible]ner in supporting their [illegible]The cu[illegible]n in denying it.

not be m[illegible]ural breadth of a nation can[illegible]ments. [illegible]easured only by the accomplish[illegible]gifted no matter how great, of the [illegible]to t[illegible] few. The yardstick must be applied co[illegible]he masses; to what degree is the a[illegible]wmon man knowledgeable on or even [illegible]are of great European or American [illegible]riting, painting, or music? Thus the of[illegible]stion is one of reception, not merely that [illegible]oduction. It is not valid to suppose the[illegible]the intellectual accomplishments of cultural le[illegible]are representative of the cul[illegible]average [illegible]el of the nation as a whole. The [illegible]spect [illegible] European still has a greater re[illegible]arte[illegible] for and knowledge of the liberal [illegible]— than his counterpart in America.

Th[illegible]t our economic and political achieve[illegible]men[illegible]s and objectives are often misunder[illegible]stood in Eur[illegible]e cannot be denied, but neither can it b[illegible] [illegible]e[illegible]nied that some views we would like t[illegible]ions o[illegible]sible segments of American [illegible]script

IGOR OGANESOFF.

Manhattan Be[illegible]ach, N. Y.

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rather than to defending League members. Finally the navy had to be used as a vast pirate force, gathering by the sword what was needed to keep the war going. The Great Liberator of Pericles's day finally became a Robber Empire, in fact and in reputation. Desperately trying to recoup her financial fortunes, Athens dispatched a gigantic naval expedition to the extremities of the commercial world. And it was that predatory overextension of greed which, at Syracuse, spelled naval defeat to the Empire.

THE failure of democracy was registered in naval and military defeat. It was, however, first and foremost an internal matter. Athens fell because she had lost her own democratic integrity.

Debates on public policy reflected this change. No one now cared for ideals. The argument was not between ideals and expediency, but between the relative wisdom of various expedient methods for circumventing troubles. Recognizing this change for what it was, her allies lost confidence in the democracy. Confidence gave way to suspicion, gratitude to resentment, at precisely the time when Athens had greatest need of her friends and supporters. The members of the Doric League were now ripe for the whispers of disaffection from Sparta. Posing as the champion of autonomy, Sparta pushed her propaganda, encouraging the League proposes to cut their payments to member[illegible]n treasury, and to withdraw from it— the Athenia[illegible]-to stand up for themselves! And what could the Athenians say in reply? Their sole test of the right had become: does it promise results?

Pericles had declared, "We are alone among mankind in doing men benefits, not on calculations of self-interest, but in the fearless confidence of freedom." Scarcely half a decade years later the representatives of the new Athens stood on tiny Melia, with their navy to back the threat, and demanded tribute from that island that "You know as well as we do only in Right, as the world goes, is power, question between equals in can while the strong do what they must," and the weak suffer what they must."

Finally, in 404 B.C., in the twenty-eighth year of debilitating war, her navy sunk or beached and her supplies exhausted, torn by internal dissensions and wavering between divided counsels and equivocal action, Athens surrendered. The ultimate capitulation of Athens to the Spartan victors was only incidental to the greater loss doning her ideals rather than to stand on principle. The reason for that fatal choice lay in the fact that Athens, despite the myths of history, had never actually given sincere and complete commitment to the democratic ideals she professed.

For while it is true that all citizens of Athens shared alike in the political democracy of the city, profited from its commercial prosperity, shared in its frugal yet satisfying life, and enjoyed the culture and art of magnificent public buildings, not everyone who lived in Athens was a citizen. Two other groups were there: the foreigners and the slaves. Neither group was woven into the fabric of integrity to make democracy strong. The city which rightly enjoyed the name of the Great Liberator of Others never lifted the burdens from her own. The city which welcomed the stranger and was hospitable to the trader accepted the profits they brought but did not grant them citizenship. So the foreigner lived in Athens but was not part of Athens. He could neither vote nor own a dwelling; and what sort of loyalty comes from him who in a democracy is disfranchised, who in a city of homeowners is a renter?

So it came about that Athens, unwilling to put democracy fully into effect, lost democracy itself. Many things contributed to the fall of Athens; but the key to all of them was the decline of faith. Faith is what men live by: refusal to live by the articles of faith meant the destruction of the faith itself.

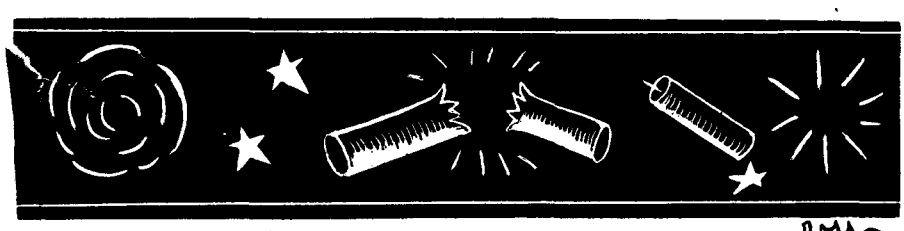
I DON'T want modern Athens to repeat ancient errors.

Modern Sparta means business. The spread of Russian imperialism is the most serious threat to civilization since the days of Genghis Khan: the ruthless disregard for the welfare of individuals, cynical misuse of great ideals and clean words, heavy-handed clanging of the Iron Curtain, expansionist lust for territory and power, economic irredentism expressed in loud bawling for the affection of the world's proletariats, pitiless liquidation of opposition, reliance on brute force when reason and sound sentiment oppose, resort to puppet armies lies and deceit to promote a gigantic conspiracy of terror and sabotage. This is modern Sparta unmasked. These are her ideals.

We are working in the right spirit. We are stubbornly refusing to copy the enemy in an effort to defeat him at his own game. We know we must maintain a garrison, but we shall do it without becoming a garrison state. Thus far we have successfully resisted the effort to modify the civilian character and control of our democracy. We are painfully working out protective and detective procedures which will provide the necessary protection against sabotage and treason while also safeguarding our heritage of individual rights and civil and religious liberties. Hysterical attempts to stampede the nation into using star-chamber procedures and kangaroo courts are a constant threat. We have yet to see the end of a type of demagoguery which, with its hit-and-run irresponsibility, uses the familiar totalitarian tactics of the Big Lie. But we are in better shape than even a few months ago. We dare to believe that expediency will not eclipse ideals, that fear and hysteria will not betray us into the hands of cowards and the politically ambitious. One thing which might help at this moment is this: we can clearly and fearlessly point out that character assassination and loose charges of guilt unsupported by evidence are peculiarly un-American. We can flatly challenge the alleged Americanism of McCarthyism. It belongs in modern Sparta, not modern Athens.

We are making real gains. All over the nation men show an increasing concern over the way in which racial and religious discrimination can undermine the integrity of a democratic people. Long experience has taught us the truth of our ideals. We know that democracy cannot flourish in the soil of inequality. This knowledge faces us with the clear demand to live up to our ideals if we wish democracy to survive. When the voice of conscience is heard above the storms of hysteria we know that an ethical heritage is our anchor against the temptations of expediency.

—BUELL G. GALLAGHER.



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Quartos: 1952-53

TO persons who concern themselves with the living theatre, with what Jean-Louis Barrault says "happens mainly between the end of one character's speech and the beginning of another's," the reading of a play in book form seems as unnecessary as going through a detailed transcription of a sports event that one has already witnessed. While they are always delighted to have published copies of plays handy for discussion of what a given actor did in a scene, they prefer to buy a $2.40 seat to sitting down and reading a $2.50 text.

However, there are many people for whom the playbook is essential. These include the student who wishes to study structure and derivation, the amateur actor who needs an inexpensive and specially prepared script of the play his group is presenting, and the person who doesn't get to New York often enough to catch the new plays as they open.

The students are serviced partly by the textbook publishers, who select plays for anthologies through consultation with college professors who teach drama courses. In the past these volumes have tended to be cumbersome, awkward in bookshelves, and about as lively as "The Cumulative Book Index." Two student anthologies appearing recently indicate, however, that some publishers recognize the need for a change in the pattern. Scott, Foresman & Co. have packaged seventeen plays into two volumes to make an extremely portable 5½″ by 7¾″ key edition (**"Representative Modern Plays: British"; "Representative Modern Plays: American,"** $2.50 ea.). Thoroughly introduced and annotated by Robert Warnock and imaginatively illustrated by Ati Forberg, they are shining examples of what this kind of book should be. Harcourt, Brace has also worked towards portability with a volume of four British, four American, and one French play. (**"A Modern Repertory,"** $2.75). However, it is without notes or illustrations, and Harlan Hatcher's prefaces are considerably less extensive than in the aforementioned volumes. Reverting to the old form but with a new approach is an anthology of thirteen great plays of the American and European stage prepared under the auspices of National ANTA and published by Twayne **"Living Theatre,"** $4.50). Alice Venezky Griffin has aimed her prefaces at discussion groups and attempts to draw analogies between plays of different periods. Mrs. Griffin had the good fortune to see, and discuss with Louis Jouvet, his production of Moliere's "The Misanthrope," and has done many of us a service by recording some of that great actor-director's stage directions.

The above anthologies are usually used by instructors as a mere nucleus for their course discussions. Each teacher inevitably has his own favorite plays which are not included in any one collection. As a rule, however, few teachers feel justified in requiring a student to buy a single play at $2.50. What they can and often do do is to ask the student to buy a play which appears in a paperbound edition. Penguin Books, for instance, has issued seven of Shaw's plays at thirty-five cents, and the complete **"Man and Superman"** at fifty. Moreover, they have put out **"Three Plays by Ibsen," "Three Plays by Chekhov,"** and **"Electra and Other Plays by Sophocles,"** in 65 cent editions. **"A Streetcar Named Desire,"** (Signet), **"Death of a Salesman,"** (Bantam), and **"Tobacco Road,"** (Signet), also are available in paper for a quarter. In addition to being inexpensive, these books are ideal for those who like to read on the go. Light and flexible, they can be shoved into pockets, and students can underline passages with more abandon than they might if they owned the cloth-bound volume.

Another bargain source of plays is *Theatre Arts Magazine,* which each

has been published in an expensive edition, but occasionally, as with "See the Jaguar," which is scheduled for the August issue, it precedes the book publication. Strangely enough the Dramatists Play Service, which will put it out in the fall, feels that the *Theatre Arts* printing will stimulate interest in the play, and therefore help rather than hurt their property. *Theatre Arts* also publishes originals. Last November William Saroyan's **"Slaughter of the Innocents"** made its first and only appearance for the approximate 50,000 who buy *Theatre Arts,* and next fall a translation of Giraudoux's **"The Trojan War Will Not Take Place"** will make its debut in the fifty-cent magazine.

Two contemporary plays that are talked about in almost all modern drama courses are available neither in anthologies nor in paperbound editions. They are Christopher Fry's **"The Lady's Not for Burning"** and T. S. Eliot's **"The Cocktail Party."** These plays sell so well for their respective publishers (each have sold over 50,000 copies in this country) that the authors are reluctant to hurt further sales by allowing them to be had for less. But in the case of the Eliot play, it is now possible for the poetry and drama departments to get together and assign **"The Complete Poems and Plays of T. S. Eliot"** (Harcourt, Brace, $6), which of course includes "The Cocktail Party," to cover both classes.

FOR the actor almost every play to which the performing rights are for sale can be purchased in an eighty-five-cent paper-covered acting edition. Many of these are not printed in any other way. For instance, of the last two years' Broadway crop, Samuel French and the Dramatists Play Service have between them published such otherwise unavailable items as **"Flight Into Egypt," "The Chase," "One Bright Day," "To Be Continued," "Love and Let Love," "Glad Tidings," "Lo, and Behold," "The Grand Tour," "In Any Language," "I've Got Sixpence,"** and **"Time Out for Ginger."** For fall, such plays as **"The Love of Four Colonels," "Mid-Summer," "The Emperor's Clothes," "The Fifth Season,"** and **"Be Your Age"** are scheduled. These plays will have a continuing sale over the years to a mailing list of approximately 75,000 people, who will on occasion produce them in their local communities. The minimum sale of copies necessary for these publishers to recover their investment is around 1,000. This low figure is possible because the publisher shares in the

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WHILE there is no reason why the thrifty reader cannot make use of anthologies and paper-covered editions, the theatre fan is liable to want to do his play-reading closer to the date of its initial Broadway appearance. Also, as a book collector he will probably want his plays in attractively bound permanent volumes. If, indeed, he must have his plays at the earliest possible moment, he can buy individual copies at prices ranging from $2 to $3, usually about three months after the play's opening.

The chief publisher for this type of playbook is Random House, which within the past year has brought out **"The Fourposter," "Mr. Pickwick," "The Time of the Cuckoo," "The Climate of Eden," "The Seven Year Itch," "Dial M for Murder," "The Deep Blue Sea," "Picnic,"** and **"Wonderful Town,"** all in $2.50 clothbound editions. Besides these, Random House also made available at $2.75 the text of Eugene O'Neill's **"Moon for the Misbegotten,"** which never reached Broadway. The sale of Random House playbooks averages about 3,000 each, with an unusually large percentage being sold in California. Such sale figures do not spell very much profit, and most publishers shy away from play publishing. "Plays," one of them says, "are the only things that sell worse than poetry."

The reason that other publishers do bother with plays is usually that a particular script has been written by an author whose novels or poems they publish. Arthur Miller is in Viking's stable and they have come out with **"The Crucible"** ($2.75). Tennessee Williams became connected with New Directions because they published some of his early poems in 1940, and they are bringing out his **"Camino Real,"** in August. Since New Directions generally deals only with authors who seem to them to have literary or poetic merit, their playbooks sell well in colleges over a long period of time. Their edition of James Joyce's **"Exiles,"** which would scarcely interest a Broadway producer, has sold over 7,000 copies.

The Oxford University Press has had a similar experience with Christopher Fry, with all of his plays faring better in bookstores than on Broadway. Another of Oxford's authors is Mary Chase, and the sales appeal of her plays has been widened by their being packaged in illustrated editions (**"Harvey," "Mrs. McThing,"** $3 each), which make de luxe children's books as well as adult play reading. The formula will be repeated this season.

Alfred Knopf has reversed the usual procedure with one of his authors, Robert Nathan. He has published a book of two plays by the successful novelist (**"Jezebel's Husband"** and **"The Sleeping Beauty,"** $3.75) without their having ever been produced in New York. The hope, ostensibly, is that the book will interest Nathan fans, and also that the plays' publication may stimulate a production at a later date.

While considerable losses must be swallowed by some of the play publishers, the situation has been somewhat improved in recent years by the advent of the Fireside Theatre. Designed for the play reader who can wait a few months for his plays, it offers its 15,000 members a substantial saving, and the publishers a large outlet for their playbooks. Each month a committee consisting of Nancy Briney, Charles Sherman, and Jay Tower pick a Broadway play, which they make available to Fireside Theatre members at $1.89. The member need only buy four per year, and he receives a bonus book. This year's bonus was **"Great Stars of the American Stage,"** by Daniel Blum (Greenberg, $7.50), so that the fan who wished that book could for an extra six cents receive four plays. However, the average Fireside Theatre member buys nine or ten of the twelve plays offered. The sale varies from play to play. For instance, **"Lost in the Stars"** was ordered by 90 per cent of the membership, and **"Dial M for Murder"** by 86 per cent. Surprisingly, one of the poorest sellers was **"South Pacific,"** which sold to only 77 per cent. However, the latter was available to audiences for many seasons, and had already run up a good sale in its original Random House edition. Clearly, any play that is picked by the Fireside Theatre can between its original sale and its reduced price sale be assured of a worthwhile profit. In some cases the original publisher will wait until he knows the Fireside decision before he decides to go ahead. A recent case of this was Doubleday's publishing of Somerset Maugham's **"The Constant Wife"** in a $2 edition, which came as a direct consequence of Fireside's selection of the play.

ALTHOUGH Broadway is the business bellwether of playbook publishing, there are three other categories which manage to make an appearance on their own merits. First, and of importance only to those bookstores that can afford to handle slower moving stock, is the sporadic issuing

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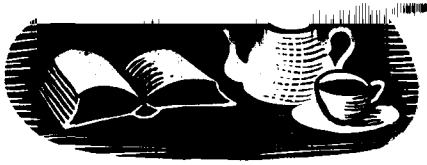

of a play that is either a difficult-to-find classic or a contemporary work which for one reason or another has not much chance for a Broadway production. This year's examples of such publishing include Goethe's **"Faust"** (Oxford, $4), Trollope's **"Did He Steal It?"** (Princeton, $3), Goldoni's **"Servant of Two Masters"** (Cambridge, $1.75), **"Senilis Amor"** by an unknown author (University of Indiana Humanities Series, $2.50), and Lillo's **"The London Merchant"** (Grove, $1.25). Among the contemporaries are such items as Philip Freund's interesting variation on a familiar legend, which he calls **"Prince Hamlet"** (Bookman, $2.75), G. K. Chesterton's **"Surprise"** (Sheed & Ward, $1.50), and St. John Ervine's **"My Brother Tom"** (Macmillan, $1.50).

Of more interest to a specialized store, like New York's Drama Book Shop, are the foreign plays whose reputations have preceded the probable date of New York production by at least a couple of years. Some of these are "published" in this country, which merely means that they are imported and distributed here by a local company who sometimes pastes its stickers over the foreign publishers' credit lines. Recent imports include Charles Morgan's **"The River Line"** (St. Martins Press, $1.75), Wilfrid Gibson's **"Within Four Walls"** (Macmillan, $2), and Frederick Lonsdale's **"The Way Things Go"** (French $1.25). The main importer is, of course, the British Book Centre. In addition to Jean Anouilh's **"Colombe"** ($2), done in London and to be produced here next fall with Julie Harris and possibly Judith Anderson, and which, according to Marjorie Seligman, is one of the Drama Book Shop's best sellers, the Centre distributes Anouilh's **"The Devil's Carnival"** ($1.50), Chekhov's **"Don Juan in the Russian Manner"** ($2.50) and, perhaps most important of all, J. C. Trewin's **"Plays of the Year" Volumes 6 and 7** ($4 each). Volume Six contains the controversial "Saint's Day" by John Whiting, which has become required reading since Christopher Fry's defense of it against the London critics in his recent **"An Experience of Critics."** Volume Seven includes Andrew ("Horses in Midstream") Rosenthal's "Third Person," which ran into censorship problems. Mr. Trewin indicates in the text what was in the

Finally there is the anthology of plays by men of such recognized literary merit that their collected works will have a long steady sale to an audience wider than just drama fans. In addition to the T. S. Eliot collection mentioned above, there is **"The Collected Poems of Archibald MacLeish"** (Houghton, Mifflin, $4), which contains his latest play, "The Trojan Horse," a revised edition of **"The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats"** (Macmillan, $5), which contains the five plays he wrote between 1934 and 1939, André Gide's **"My Theater"** (Knopf, $4) with five plays and a stimulating essay by the late French writer on the evolution of the theatre, which not only helps us to understand his plays, but gives Americans a perspective in which to see our own theatre trends.

More special but still of superior quality are Eric Bentley's **"From the Modern Repertoire"** (Indiana University Press, $5), Frank Wedekind's **"Five Tragedies of Sex"** translated by Francis Fawcett and Stephen Spender and with a fascinating biographical

Plays of Japan" (Grove, $4).

With all this elaborate machinery for play publishing, it might seem that no significant theatre-piece would be overlooked. Perhaps there is no worse indictment of our theatre than to find that such is not the case.

Marc Blitzstein's **"Regina,"** which is certainly every bit as interesting to read as "Wonderful Town," was published in libretto form and sold less than 500 copies at the City Center during its three performance revival. The booklet, which was printed by photo-offset (Chappell, $1), should be on the drama shelf of every bookstore. Worse still is the fact that the two new plays of most intellectual content produced on Broadway this season were not published at all. One, the late Ugo Betti's "The Gambler," was one of the few plays I took time to go back and read in manuscript. The other, Jean Anouilh's "La Répétition," was the best play I saw all season, although it demanded a style which few American acting groups can supply. If the world survives another hundred years, these are the plays

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—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N. Y. Times*

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*In its nationwide survey of 27 leading book critics, *The Saturday Review* reports that KINGFISHERS CATCH FIRE was the most frequently mentioned novel "that merited the attention of discriminating readers."

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is no 1953 Quarto on the shelf alongside "Be Your Age" and "Time Out for Ginger," and "My Three Angels." If the world doesn't survive, there is always the satisfaction that the mediocre will be fissionized along with the excellent.

Some other imperfections in our play-publishing system might be quickly listed. First, the version which is published is usually the Broadway version with some minor emendations made by the playwright. For instance, there is an obscene remark on page 96 of "The Crucible" that was cut in playing, because the particular actor involved felt uncomfortable saying the line. This, quite rightly, was restored by the playwright. Should a local group wish to present the play it will have to do its own censorship, although few will ever know that it and other lines were altered on Broadway. Another prominent play of last season which underwent extensive changes in rehearsal was printed in its final form despite reported efforts by the author to have both his earlier version and the final one printed in the same book. Such a scheme, it was feared, might have hurt the success of the Broadway hit. In the case of "Camino Real" Tennessee Williams has insisted upon doing a thorough revision of the script before it is published. The resultant delay thwarted a plan to have the Broadway version in print within a month of its opening, an eventuality that might have helped provoke interest in the controversial play while it was still running.

A second shortcoming is the frequent omission of prefaces, illustrations, and other notes which might help the reader to visualize and study a play. If one compares the Signet twenty-five-cent edition of "Tobacco Road" with the Duell, Sloan and Pearce $2.50 volume, it becomes apparent that sometimes the play-buyer is paying an extra $2.25 just for a plain cloth binding.

Finally, American publishers put out no annual anthology of unabridged plays. The only collection that does appear, **"The Best Plays Series"** (Dodd, Mead), presents very abridged versions, which make it still necessary to buy the complete plays separately.

Nevertheless, there are signs that we are recognizing and correcting these faults, and lifting the playbook publishing market out of its archaic doldrums. Perhaps, at some not too-distant date the playbook editor will even become the Broadway producer's guiding conscience and strong ally, rather than his routine parasite.

—Henry Hewes.

A Toast to Dame Nellie

—From "Melba."

Dame Sybil Thorndike as Victoria of Britain; Patrice Munsel as Melba.

HOLLYWOOD, for its practical purposes, might very well rephrase an old saying: if at first successful, try it again and again. Biblical spectacles continue to be manufactured without letup, and when "The Great Caruso" proved that it would weather the box-office storms with all the ease of a Biblical it was no time at all before we had "Tonight We Sing," which, though it purported to be the biography of S. Hurok, could just as aptly have been titled "The Great Chaliapin." And now what do we have to keep in motion this cycle of operatic musicals? We have **"Melba,"** produced by the canny S.P. Eagle for United Artists. Melba was a silver-throated lady from Australia who is supposed to have sung as effortlessly as a lark, who had one of those fabulous careers at a time when divas and tenors were worshiped the way Lucille Ball is today, and who—for a large nostalgic group of music lovers—seems to epitomize the great age of opera, the period that roughly runs from 1880 to 1930. A few scratchy records are about all we have left to remind us tangibly of her eminence, those along with Melba toast and Peach Melba, named in her honor.

Musically, "Melba" is somewhat more discriminating than either of its two predecessors. Its repertoire ranges from Mozart to Puccini—along the way we have arias from "Rigoletto," "Tosca," and "The Barber of Seville." Patrice Munsel does most of the singing—and, to my relatively untutored ears, does it nicely. There is a qualification necessary here, though. Miss Munsel's fairly small voice is intensified out of all proportion by the stereophonic sound job done on it. And while the electronic enhancement does give a sort of harsh grandeur to her performances in the various singing roles, I was all too often reminded of a high-fidelity addict blasting your head off with his equipment in an attempt to show you the foolishness of paying eight dollars to hear a Metropolitan performance when you can hear it at home three times as loud. In the movie you can hear Patrice Munsel three times as loud.

This amounts to a quibble, though, for the main trouble with "Melba" is that Harry Kurnitz, the screenwriter, seems to have found difficulty in coming up with a story that would interestingly enfold the generous allotment of operatic sequences. We meet Nellie Mitchell (later to become Madame Melba) in the 1880's as

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left behind, in her journey towards a career, is a chap called Charles Armstrong, who, it can plainly be seen, resents her giving up the chance to be his wife and co-owner of his homestead. In Paris, Nellie has some thinly sketched ups-and-downs before she encounters Madame Marchesi, a great teacher of the period (factually true, at this point), who consents to take Nellie on as her last pupil. Well, from there on there's no stopping Nellie. She's hailed, wined, dined, and proposed to, flowers come by the barrelful, until at last up pops Charles Armstrong again, offering true love, marriage, and a vastly improved homestead. But will marriage and a career mix? Not in those days, evidently. What tears, what sobs, what stiff upper lips, what heart poured forth in song, before the fated couple finally part, Armstrong to go back to his cattle ranch, Melba to her eager audiences. You've no idea how *long* this takes.

Patrice Munsel's acting style is vaguely operatic, but Martita Hunt as Marchesi and Robert Morley as Oscar Hammerstein (who keeps following Melba around Europe in an attempt to lure her to America) are able now and then to give us glimpses of their talents. There is a scene that shows how Peach Melba was invented, but unfortunately the Melba toast sequence seems to have been omitted. Pity.

* * *

"Stalag 17," until very recently a long-running play on Broadway, is now available on the nation's screens, the dialogue purified of its raciness, but otherwise quite recognizable. The movie seems to me to be an improvement on that score alone, for, Puritan that I am, I don't approve of raciness simply for kicks. Billy Wilder, who produced, directed, and even had a hand in the screenplay, knows how to keep a movie lively, and there are very few moments in which "Stalag 17" shows any tendency to lag. As you probably know, the story deals with a group of American air-force men imprisoned in a German POW camp during World War II. The prisoners make life for themselves relatively bearable by perpetrating a series of rowdy gags, by horseplay with the *dumkopf* German guards, and by attempts to invade the compound where Russian women prisoners are kept. There is also some melodrama revolving around the presence of a spy in the barracks.

This mixture is kept boiling by Mr. Wilder. Now and then the humor degenerates into the type practised by the lapses. The camera, unlike a good many plays transferred to the screen, here is allowed to roam freely and widely—and Mr. Wilder has thus succeeded in making "Stalag 17" not a photographed play but a movie. Spirited performances are turned in by William Holden, Otto Preminger, Harvey Lembeck, and Sig Ruman—but, come to think of it, all the members of a sizable cast work hard and well.

* * *

I figured it was about time to see a new Esther Williams musical, and I found **"Dangerous When Wet"** handy. This one is about an Arkansas family, filled to the brim with health, vitality, and swimming ability. The father is William Demarest, the mother is Charlotte Greenwood, and one of the three daughters is Esther Williams. They're cornered by Jack Carson, a fast-talking promoter of a tonic called "Liquapep," and prevailed upon to enter an English Channel swimming competition under the auspices of the Liquapep firm. Esther Williams is particularly interested in getting to England because she wants to use her winnings to purchase a prize bull for the farm, but she is distracted from this aim by Fernando Lamas, who sails a sloop in the Channel while dressed in evening clothes. The story somehow gets even more surrealistic as it goes along, but eventually winds up about as you'd expect, the Channel conquered by Esther, and the right girls in the right fellows' arms.

—Hollis Alpert.

SR Recommends

Stalag 17: Reviewed in this issue.

Julius Caesar: A magnificent setting of the Shakespeare tragedy, with Sir John Gielgud's Cassius in the van of a cast glittering with electricity and passion. (*SR* June 6.)

The Juggler: A wanderer's struggle to fit into the alien homeland of Israel; title role superbly acted by Kirk Douglas. (*SR* May 9.)

Man on a Tightrope: A tense chronicle, scripted by Robert E. Sherwood, of the escape of a Czech circus troupe from Iron-Curtainland. (*SR* May 30.)

Shane: Another superior Western, with screenplay by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., a rewarding performance by Alan Ladd, and magnificent scenery by Technicolor. (*SR* May 2.)

Call Me Madam: The uninhibited Ethel Merman in an engaging movie adaptation of the stage show. (*SR* Apr. 4.)

Lili: Waif Leslie Caron takes up with some French carnival puppets in a charming musical. (*SR* Mar. 7.)

Justice Is Done: A French courtroom drama which poses a haunting human problem. (*SR* Feb. 28.)

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Leave That Kid Alone!

ONE of my favorite newspaper columnists, H. I. Phillips, recently devoted the space of his "Sun Dial" to a new television program starring President Eisenhower. "I Love Lucidity," he tagged it.

And he went on to wonder if such a program had a chance in the medium.

"Can anything," he mused, "that still makes sense after the first three minutes survive on television?"

Well, in the first place anything after the first three minutes of any program, which is usually the commercial, has to make sense even if it's only by comparison. In the second place, when Mr. Phillips slapped television across its loud twenty-one-inch screen I experienced the pang a father must suffer when his terrorist child is cuffed on the head by a stranger.

Not that I'm the father of television. Tallulah Bankhead once remarked that radio was the mother of television, and when someone asked who the father was, she replied, "Television, darling, had no father."

And so this medium, not often too immaculately conceived I agree, has been cuffed on the head by literate strangers who have made a fetish of slurring the entire program of telecasting, relegating everything on it to the ash heap of nonsense.

Television takes shellacking enough from the (if you'll pardon the expression) card-carrying members of the craft of professional criticism. But with their every wallop there seems to be a this-hurts-me-more-than-it-does-you kind of parental gentleness, and a hope that the medium will mend its ways, rather than the you'll-never-amount-to-anything-so-I'll-beat-you-to-death kind of infanticide practised by the non-professional professionals.

We who have baby-sat at the crib of television, watching it grow up from sickly infancy to healthy senility, very often take potshots like that at our erring child. But that's our privilege and it's for the good of the kid. It was Henry Ford himself, legend has it, who many years ago tenderly gathered up all the jokes about the Tin Lizzie and tidied them into a slick little pamphlet and passed them around for all to read. And the Tin Lizzie grew up into a self-respecting car, the pride of its creator.

On the paper in which Mr. Phillips's column appears there is Harriet Van Horne, a most discerning critic whose television scolding is a perfect sample of criticism tempered with a gentle sort of sadness at the imperfections of the medium. In her column the other day she was writing about a comedy show and she mentioned the long list of writers' credits at the conclusion of the show.

"It's unfortunate," she sighed, "that so few of them can write."

There was no indictment of all writers in all television. There was no wondering if anything that makes sense for more than three minutes can survive on television. From memory I can mention a dozen shows which have survived on television and they all have made sense:

"Kukla, Fran, and Ollie," Philco and Goodyear Playhouse, "Meet the Press," "Ethel and Albert," "Man of the Week," "See It Now," Groucho Marx, "Omnibus," "Dragnet," the Perry Como show, the Dinah Shore show, "Mr. Peepers."

And when you get down to cases isn't it asking a lot of television to make sense in the first place? Consider this: on Broadway, with a play in every legitimate theatre, there are about seventy hours of entertainment which have come to town after weeks of rehearsal and tryouts in the hinterlands and which are repeated night after night for a season or two. In television the two major networks use up seventy hours of entertainment in two days, much of which has had at most a week's preparation.

And as a coup de re-pos, there have been several plays in the hour dramatic programs on television which have topped almost anything on Broadway this season for acting, direction, and storytelling. "Marty" comes to mind with a poignant performance by an actor named Rod Steiger. "Next of Kin" was another with a remarkable performance by an actor named Frederic Tozare. And the list is a fairly long one of television entertainment which has made sense for a solid hour.

Of course, the most vulnerable department of television programming is comedy. Here the literary cynics have had a field day, dismissing all television as mediocrity because of the inability of hard-pressed writers to come up week after week with a George S. Kaufman epic.

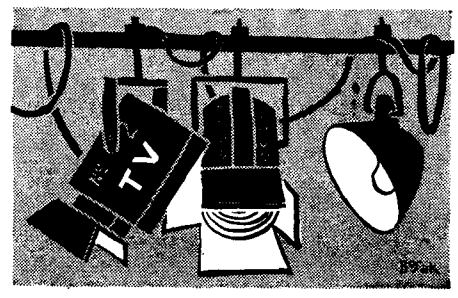
other day Jiggs was taking an afternoon nap, snoring loudly (zzzzz), and Maggie said, "Cut out that snoring. You're making too much noise," and Jiggs awoke pretty unhappy about his interrupted snooze until in the last square there was Maggie napping and snoring (zzzzz) and Jiggs gazing down at her wittily remarked, "And she thought *I* was making too much noise."

— Goodman Ace

I REASONED as I watched "The American Road"—Henry Ford II's very special model TV on a recent Monday night (two hours simultaneously on NBC and CBS)—that the Dearborn scion was trying to do two things with the $500,000 he had laid on the line for his one-shot Ford Fiftieth Anniversary Show: buy a comparable package of public good will; and satisfy his commendable social urge to say something significant about the half-century that his company has shared, historically and spiritually, with America. I do not know the ratio of the two desires, but my judgment is that Mr. Ford hit a very big bull's eye with the first and rang a very small bell with the second. In television's sponsored context, the significance was more difficult to achieve.

So I absolve young Henry from much of the responsibility. His public actions since he grasped grandfather's wheel have marked him as a man to watch.

Rent the two chief networks and hire the best talent: this was the easy part, given that kind of money. The agency engaged Leland Hayward, successful Broadway agent-producer. He hired Mary Martin, Ethel Merman, Edward R. Murrow, Oscar Hammerstein II, Marian Anderson, and Burr Tillstrom (Kukla and Ollie) as the key paving blocks of "The American Road," and Howard Lindsay, Dorothy Stickney, Wally Cox (Mr. Peepers), Amos 'n' Andy, Lowell Thomas, Vallee, Crosby, Sinatra, and Eddie Fisher as supporting stones. Jerome Robbins staged the dancing, and Clark Jones, a director who demonstrated considerable variety flair, "called the shots."



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three other writers beat together a revue which, in song, sketch, clips from old movies and newsreels, dance and narrative continuity, "hop-scotched" (as another TV caravan commentator says) the years 1903-53.

Editorial content was hardly novel—the familiar turn-of-the-century orderliness, exemplified by a scene from "Life with Father"; the gaiety of World War I (Ethel Merman singing "Mlle. from Armentieres"); the "Glorious Twenties" (an incisive choreographic comment on prohibition and prosperity); the Sobering Thirties, World War II, demobilization, the atom and the Russian menace. There could be no real penetration, of course; the occasion was all consensus and the rosy glow of yesterday, "the fun, folly, and glory of the past fifty." Bright, however, because it could have been so easily avoided, was Mr. Murrow's cool caution for distinction between dissent and disloyalty, the show's single contribution to contemporary significance.

The triumph of the two hours was their achievement of esthetic, if not of editorial, synthesis, by a generally superb pace, excellent taste, and some high, creative points. Most memorable were the work of Mary Martin, who—aside from the always ineluctable true glory of Marian Anderson—quite stole the show with her comic miming of women's fashions through the years, and a dramatic piece from Thornton Wilder's play "Our Town." Both items were marked by completely refreshing nonliteral setting and acting. TV drama people should study this and emulate.

Add some exciting camera work to these premiums, the sharp thrust of Jerome Robbins's dances, the utterly delightful songfest medley by Merman and Martin; condone the dubious contributions of Mr. Cox, and of Kukla and Ollie, whose satisfactions out of their own simple idiom are grievously truncated, especially without the indispensable Fran; cap all with the thought that the sharing, in the grand manner, of the nation's common experiences—tuneful, zestful, albeit superficial—is one of TV-radio's most gratifying functions, and we owe Henry Ford II his full half-million in good will. Now, why can't the networks, licensed stewards of "the public necessity," contribute a small slice of their take to some equally spectacular effort which will grapple with a few of the specifics of survival that Messrs. Murrow and Hammerstein hinted we would surely need if there is to be a Ford One Hundredth?

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

Spanish Music, Mostly by Way of Paris

DUE in part to its complexity, few of us know as much about Spanish music as we would like to, and that little is liberally sprinkled with misconceptions. Hence we welcome the appearance of more and more samples of the genre—even if, so far, virtually none of it comes from Spain itself and the influences of Paris must always be considered. Fortunately for expository purposes, the current issues are evenly divided between the part that is "composer's music"—Granados and Albéniz for example—and the kind that is still the performer's music, as demonstrated by the guitarists Louis Maravilla and Carlos Montoya, the singers Lydia Ibarrondo and Germaine Montero.

It's been more than a few years since we have heard the Havana-born pianist Jose Echaniz, and he is a more considerable artist than ever on Westminster WL 5181 ($5.95), where his repertory is the twelve "Spanish Dances" of Granados. Taking these as a group, rather than concentrating on such famous ones as "Andaluza (Playera)" or the "Rondalla Aragonesca," we can make out some clear distinctions between the typical expression of Granados and that of Albéniz. The former was essentially a creator for the keyboard; Albéniz was a master of imagery who wrote for the piano because it was the most available instrument, but hardly limited himself to the conventional effects and colorations. Echaniz's work is cleanly done and with fine rhythmic feeling; vivid recording, too, if sometimes so close up that we get a harsher impact of hammers on strings than would be heard in the hall. On the other hand, it may have to do with the instrument he uses. Its sound thins out markedly in the upper range.

The palpable fact that Albéniz's "Triana" was latently more than piano music was not lost on that master orchestral necromancer, Maurice Ravel; but he gave up intentions of doing something about it when he learned (in the mid-Twenties) that Albéniz's longtime friend E. Fernández Arbós had much the same project under way. As is well known to those who recall Arbós's own recordings of "Evocation," "La Fête-Dieu à Séville," "Triana," "El Puerto," and "El Albaicin," they are much more than arrangements — rather, fulfilments of the composer's intentions. What we hear from L'Orchestre de l'Association des Concerts Colonne under the direction of George Sebastian (Urania 7085, $5.95) is certainly closer to the original than any previous recording, but the good discipline of the playing leaves more than a little of the atmosphere and spirit of the music unexpressed. Uncommonly clear detail in the recording, if no great glow in the total sound.

As between the two guitarists, both eminent in their field, who are offered in lengthy recitals, my taste inclines more to Luis Maravilla (Westminster WL 5194, $5.95) than to Carlos Montoya (Remington R-199, 134, $2.49). To be sure Montoya is concerned wholly with flamenco materials while Maravilla mixes compositions of his own adaptions of Falla, Lecuona, and Albéniz, which doubtless makes for more appeal to the untutored ear. However, he commands a more varied, subtle style of performance which, especially in the selections identified with the Ballet Pilar Lopez, attains some remarkable climaxes. Exceptionally believable sound.

MONTOYA was associated with Pilar Lopez's more celebrated sister, Argentinita, for many years, and it is her unforgettable "Bolero Mallorquin" which strikes the most sympathetic response in this collection. One would have liked, too, to have more of the vocalizing by Lydia Ibarrondo, a mezzo who has sung Amneris at the New York City Center and has an enlivening feeling for the two flamenco songs in which she is heard: "La Hija de Don Juan Alba" and "Las Cositas del Querer." Montoya is at his best in these collaborations. Excellent recording enhances the attractions of the low-priced disc.

Finally there is a collection of Spanish folk material uncommonly well reproduced on Vanguard (VRS 7001, $4). Just how authentic the vocal style of Germaine Montero is, I could not vouch; but she has an unmistakable affinity with the material, and makes absorbing listening of the varied examples of folk song. Salvador Bacarisse directs the accompanying orchestra.

—Irving Kolodin.

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SRL's World Travel Calendar

AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER

Austria

BREGENZ FESTIVAL *(Aug. 1-16, Bregenz)*: Ballet. Performances of "Boccaccio," "The Conspiracy of Fiesco at Genoa."

SALZBURG FESTIVAL *(Aug. 1-30, Salzburg)*: The allegorical drama "Everyman." World premiere of Einem's "Der Prozess." "Don Giovanni," "Cosi fan Tutte," "The Marriage of Figaro," "Rosenkavalier."

MUSIC CONTEST *(Aug. 15-30, Innsbruck)*. International competition for brass bands.

MOTOR RACES *(Aug. 23, Carinthia)*: International mountain, lake race for autos, motorcycles. *(Aug. 30, Styria)*: 20th International race for autos, motorcycles.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL ETHNOLOGICAL CONGRESS *(Sept. 1-8, Vienna)*: Will discuss changes in colonial peoples, preservation of dying cultures.

Belgium

BATTLE OF FLOWERS *(Aug. 15, Spa)*.

FOLKLORE PARADE *(Aug. 22, 23, Ath)*: Marriage of giants; historic procession on Aug. 23 dates to 1390.

FAIR *(Sept. 12-27, Ghent)*: Eighth international exhibition of Belgian, foreign products.

CARILLON CONCERTS *(Oct. 2, Malines)*: At 10:15 A.M. and 11:30 A.M.

Britain

CANTERBURY FESTIVAL *(Aug. 1-8, Canterbury, Kent)*: Religious music, drama in the ancient cathedral.

ROYAL NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD *(Aug. 1-8, Rhyl, N. Wales)*. Annual songfest.

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL *(Aug. 23-Sept. 12, Edinburgh)*: Glyndebourne Opera, Yehudi Menuhin, Isaac Stern, the Old Vic, military tattoo.

THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL *(Sept. 6-11, Gloucester)*: Famous church choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, Worcester hold 226th annual meeting.

GOLF *(Oct. 2, 3, Wentworth, Surrey)*: Ryder Cup Matches, Great Britain vs. USA.

LITERATURE *(Oct. 5-9, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire)*: Annual festival of British contemporary literature.

HORSES *(Oct. 7-10, London)*: Popular Horse of the Year Show.

AUTO SHOW *(Oct. 21-31, London)*: International exhibition at Earl's Court.

Canada

SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL *(Aug. 1-15, Stratford, Ontario)*: "Richard III" and "All's Well That Ends Well," starring Alec Guinness.

GAELIC MOD *(Aug. 3-8, St. Ann, N.S.)*: Gaelic and Jacobite plays, choral singing, Highland dancing, bagpipes.

FAIR *(Aug. 28-Sept. 12, Toronto)*: Canadian National Exhibition is largest annual display of what Canada makes and grows. Famous professional entertainers perform.

TUNA CUP MATCH *(Sept. 9-11, Wedgeport, N.S.)*: Tenth international contest.

200th ANNIVERSARY *(Oct. 12, Lunenburg, N.S.)*: Special Thanksgiving Service.

Denmark

FAIR *(Aug. 6-16, Fredericia)*: Silver, china, dairy products at 43rd Danish Industries Fair.

700th ANNIVERSARY *(Aug. 17-23, Svendborg)*: Folklore celebration, exhibitions of handicrafts, local products.

NIELSEN FESTIVAL *(Aug. 31-Sept. 4, Copenhagen)*: Symphonies Nos. 1, 3, 5, 6 by Carl Nielsen and his opera "Saul and David" scheduled.

France

MUSIC FESTIVALS *(Aug. 3-14, Menton)*: Amadeus Quartet, piano recitals, symphony concerts. *(Sept. 3-13, Besançon)*: Ballet, French, German orchestras.

FOUNTAINS *(Aug. 2, 9, 16, 30; Sept. 6, 20; Oct. 11, Versailles)*.

FOLK FESTIVAL *(Aug. 1-6, Bayonne)*: Basque dances, games, music, bullfights.

PILGRIMAGE *(Aug. 15, Lourdes)*: Most important visitation of the year to the famous shrine.

GRAND PARDON *(Aug. 29, 30, Plonevez-Porzay)*: Spectacular tribute to St. Anne-la-Palud.

AMATEUR FILM FESTIVAL *(Sept. 5-15, Cannes)*: International show for non-professionals.

Germany

OPERA FESTIVAL *(Aug. 1-23, Munich)*: "Arabella," "Orpheus and Eurydice." "Die Meistersinger," "Salome." Ballet.

WAGNER FESTIVAL *(Aug. 1-23, Bayreuth)*: "Das Rheingold," "Die Walküre," "Götterdämmerung," "Lohengrin," "Parsifal," "Siegfried," "Tristan und Isolde." Conductors: Joseph Keilberth, Clemens Krauss.

BERLIN FESTIVAL *(Aug. 30-Sept. 20, Berlin)*: Two plays in court of Charlottenburg Castle; chamber music; Verdi's "Requiem," Einem's "Der Prozess," and Schoenberg's "Dance Around the Golden Calf."

FAIRS *(Sept. 13-15; 20-22, Cologne)*: International Fall Fair features clothing during first period, household goods, hardware during second period. *(Sept. 26-Oct. 11, Berlin)*: Fourth German Industries Fair to show heavy machinery, chemicals, radio, television, and other modern devices.

OCTOBER FESTIVAL *(Sept. 19-Oct. 4, Munich)*: Munich's biggest annual celebration. Beer the favorite beverage. Costume procession on Sept. 20.

Ireland

HORSE SHOW *(Aug. 4-8, Dublin)*: One of top-ranking shows in the world.

HURLING *(Sept. 6, Dublin)*: All-Ireland senior final.

FOOTBALL *(Sept. 27, Dublin)*: All-Ireland senior final.

GAELIC FESTIVAL *(Oct. 10-18, Dublin)*: Music, literature featured.

Italy

PALIO *(Aug. 16, Siena)*: Big banner-waving contests precede rough-and-tumble horse race.

FILMS *(Aug. 8-18; Aug. 20-Sept. 12, Venice)*: First session features art, scientific documentaries, films for boys. Second session features films of many countries.

PIEDIGROTTA *(Sept. 7, 8, Naples)*: Parades, carnival; select most popular tune of the year.

GRAND PRIX *(Sept. 13, Monza)*: Italian Grand Prix and light-car races.

"SACRA MUSICALE UMBRA" *(Sept. 19-29, Perugia)*: The seventh annual festival of religious music at Basilica of S. Pietro.

GOLDEN CUP CAR RACE *(Oct. 18, Palermo, Sicily)*.

Japan

"DAIMONJI-MATSURI" *(Aug. 16, Kyoto)*: Great bonfire on Mt. Nyoi-ga-dake.

JAPANESE WRESTLING *(Sept. 10-25, Osaka)*: Seasonal tournament.

"O-ESHIKI" *(Oct. 12, 13, Tokyo)*: Feast of Hommonji Temple with parade of 10,000 lanterns.

Netherlands

FLOWER FESTIVALS *(Aug. 3-9, The Hague; Sept. 6, Zundert)*. A parade the big attraction at celebration in Zundert.

AUTUMN FAIR *(Sept. 1-11, Utrecht)*: Sections for furniture, agriculture.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT *(Sept. 15, The Hague)*: Queen Juliana rides through town in a golden coach to inaugurate latest session.

Norway

TUNA TOURNAMENT *(Aug. 7-15, Bergen)*: Sponsored by Scandinavian Tuna Club.

ARTS, CRAFTS EXHIBITION *(Aug. 20-Sept. 20, Oslo)*.

AUTO RACE *(Sept. 1-13, Oslo)*: A 1,100-mile race from the Arctic Circle to Oslo.

Spain

SEMANA GRANDE *(Aug. 9-16, San Sebastian)*: Regatta, folklore, singing, dancing, bull fights.

FIESTA DE LA ASUNCION *(Aug. 14, 15, Elche)*: Ancient drama staged in the church of Santa Maria.

OUR LADY OF MERCY *(Sept. 23-26, Barcelona)*: Bull fights, folk dancing.

AUTO RACE *(Oct. 26, Barcelona)*: Grand Prix of Penya Rhin.

Sweden

700th BIRTHDAY *(August-September, Stockholm)*: Carnivals, athletic meets, concerts.

"PETRUS DE DACIA" *(Aug. 4, 6, 8, 9, Visby)*: Musical drama based on life of a 13-century Swedish monk performed in ruins of a medieval church.

FAIRS *(Aug. 22-Sept. 6, Stockholm; Sept. 12-20, Gothenburg)*: St. Erik International Fair at Stockholm. Swedish Industries Fair at Gothenburg.

Switzerland

INDEPENDENCE DAY *(Aug. 1, nationwide)*: National holiday. Civic, patriotic celebration.

MUSIC INSTRUCTION *(Aug. 17-Sept. 6, Zermatt)*: Courses for professionals by Pablo Casals. Concerts.

"RENCONTRES INTERNATIONALES" *(Sept. 2-12, Geneva)*: Lectures by intellectual leaders.

"COMPTOIR SUISSE" *(Sept. 12-27, Lausanne)*: The 34th annual agricultural, industrial, trade fair.

MUSIC CONTEST *(Sept. 21-Oct. 4, Geneva)*: The 9th international competition for musical performers.

VINTAGE FESTIVAL *(Oct. 3, 4, Neuchatel)*: Procession, flower exhibit.

Turkey

PHYSICAL EDUCATION CONGRESS *(Aug. 2-9, Istanbul)*: Discuss physical education in schools, care of post-school youth. Working languages: English, French. Physical culture manifestations by Turkish school children.

INTERNATIONAL FAIR *(Aug. 20-Sept. 20, Izmir)*.

VICTORY DAY *(Aug. 30, Ankara)*: Military parade reviewed by the President of the Republic.

USA

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVALS *(Aug. 1-31, Ashford, Ore.)*: "Coriolanus," "Merchant of Venice," "Taming of the Shrew," "King Henry VI, Part 1." *(Aug. 1-Sept. 6, Yellow Springs, O.)*: "Troilus and Cressida." "Coriolanus," "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," "Timon of Athens" on campus of Antioch College.

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL *(Aug. 1-16, Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)*: Charles Munch, Pierre Monteux, Leonard Bernstein conduct concerts on week-ends.

FOLK FESTIVAL *(Aug. 5-8, Asheville, N.C.)*.

ASPEN SUMMER FESTIVAL *(Aug. 1-30, Aspen, Colo.)*: Several weekly panel, forum discussions; three weekly concerts; great films of the past.

—ROBERT MEYER, JR.

Further information may be obtained by writing World Calendar, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

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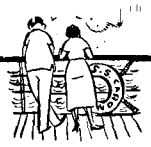

A Yentleman's Agreement

ABOARD THE M. S. GRIPSHOLM.

FOR anyone planning a trip to Scandinavia with time to spare and no diet to follow, the choice of the *Gripsholm* must be viewed as a pure stroke of what the Swedes are fond of calling yenius. The Swedish-Americans, who seem to return to their original homeland as faithfully as Capistrano's swallows, could not possibly feel more at home; the American tourist bound for the Nordic lands could ask for no better indoctrination course than this Swedish-American liner provides in ten days at sea.

We are in effect a floating smörgåsbord table, carrying as additional cargo a capacity load of returning Scandinavians, tourists, an uncountable number of Swedish consuls from North and South America, a flock of sunny blond children belonging to same, and what seems to be an unlimited supply of herring in some fifteen delicious flavors, including *sillfile i olja, kronsill,* and *vingasill.*

We have Svensons and Swansons, Lindstroms and Ljungquists, Olsons, Ohlssons, Olssons, and Olesens. Also thirty-three Carlsons, forty-three Johnsons, fifty-one Andersons, not to overlook two Andersens. There is Mr. Gunnar Abrahamson, building superintendent of Winchester, Mass., going home to Sweden with his wife for the first time in thirty-four years. His brother when he last saw him was sixteen. Carl Gundersen, of Edmonton, Alberta, is coming back to Denmark for his school's reunion after fifty years. There is Gunnar Dryselius, Swedish consul in Houston, with his wife and their three blond youngsters, Anita, Guinilla, and Jan, who wear bluejeans and drawl like the belles and buckos of Amarillo. There is Hjalmar Procopé, charming European, who was wartime Finnish Minister to Washington. On other days the gamut has run from Garbo to Jake Malik, erstwhile irascible of the U.N.

The oldtime Vikings have been teaching the American travelers the fine art of the skoal, how to extinguish the liquid fire of aquavit with cool draughts of beer, how to eat five meals a day, and other strange habits of the northlands. Informal language courses have been in progress, based on the more popular of the ship's signs, notably the one in front of the hairdresser's which says *Dam Friser Salong* (American interpretation: damn freezer saloon), and on the traditional morning salutation *God Morgon* (accepted pronunciation: goo moron) and thanks so much which is *tack sa mycket* (American corruption: thanks for the mickey). One struggles the first day with the unfamiliar names on the plumbing, and it is admittedly unnerving to look down at the basin first thing in the morning and read the legend *varmt.*

In the dining salon American tourists are introduced to the Swedish custom of reserving favorite dishes for special days. Tuesday is for Köttbullar, Stekt Fläsk, Bruna Bönar, or meat-balls-fried-pork-and-brown-beans day. But a böna, one is warned, is also, colloquially, a girl—or, so to speak, a dame. Thursday is set aside for Artsoppa Fläsk Korv, which is pea soup, pork, and sausage. The meat is served separately but eaten along with the soup. And if you care to be wholly proper about it, you sip from a glass of hot Swedish punch after each spoonful. There seem to be two schools of thought among the Swedish punch initiates, those who think it approximates hot nail polish and those who think it tastes like warm benzoin. Both opinions are viewed with unlimited scorn by those whose tastes are more cultured along Nordic lines.

The more courageous of the tourists eel, smoked salmon, [illegible], smoked reindeer, smoked mackerel, and stewed smoked haddock on toast. Scandinavia must have the busiest smoke houses this side of an Algerian hasheesh parlor. A sortie into such strange fields as *färsk ananas* reveals merely fresh pineapple, *skinka och ägg* is ham and eggs, and *omelett med björnbärssylt* or maybe *med jordgubbssylt* is an omelette with blackberry or strawberry jam. For the wary there is *Long Island Anka à L'Orange, ugnsbakad Idaho potatis,* and *grapefrukt.* Those on bland diets better stick to *havregrynsgröt* or *mannagrynsgröt,* being nothing more sinister than oatmeal and Cream of Wheat. No day seems to go by without Swedish pancakes, which vary only in size, being alternately as large as a silver dollar or as a silver platter. They are similar, a steward has assured me, to American flapyacks, and are best when sprinkled with sugar, of which the kitchen carries two types, a Swedish brand and Yack Frost.

EATING aboard the *Gripsholm* leaves very little time for much else, and those who linger at tea may find themselves hard-pressed for dinner, and one must hurry through dinner so that the hour for the evening snack will not arrive too quickly. The Scandinavians can eat five shipboard meals a day, probably because they repair to the Aquasanium, where each afternoon at five one can see the consuls from Bogota, Ottawa, San Francisco, New York, and Houston

—*Swedish American Line.*

". . . a pure stroke of what the Swedes are fond of calling yenius."

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Two masseurs and one masseuse administer the Swedish massage, and there is a gym full of mechanical horses, bicycles, and oars to convey you back to your original shape. The indoor pool has mixed bathing part of the day, but different hours allotted to men and women permits swimming without the encumbrance of a bathing suit, another old Swedish custom.

Up above, the fine paneled public rooms in first class (one with a glowing fireplace) are replicas of salons in Gripsholm Castle, a famous chateau built by a titled Swede name of Grip late in the fifteenth century. It is located three hours outside Stockholm and is famous for its 2,000 paintings. The rooms of its seagoing counterpart have many paintings too, among them portraits of Washington and Lincoln. Another wall decoration is a scroll awarded to the *Gripsholm* in 1946, signed by James Byrnes, then U.S. Secretary of State, in recognition of the ship's mercy trips during the war. As a neutral ship the *Gripsholm* made eleven relief voyages, swung down to Portuguese East Africa and later to Portuguese West India, covered 143,570 miles, carried over 300,000 Red Cross packages which had to be forced upon the Japanese skipper at the exchange point. It brought reluctant Japs part way back to Japan, came home again with tattered Yanks, including Ambassador Joseph C. Grew, out of the barbed wire cages of the Orient.

HER commander in those days as now is Sir Sigfrid Ericsson, captain of the ship, Commodore of the Swedish American Line. Elegant in monocle and mess jacket, the captain can sit in these peaceful days and recall sailing for Africa with 1,500 Japanese envoys picked up in New York and Rio, of the one who jumped overboard, the one who asked him to show the picture "Yankee Doodle Dandy," and the two Nipponese girls who hid in a bathroom when the time to march aboard the Japanese ship had arrived. He remembers the Japanese baby born aboard, named Takeo, which means warrior, and the gaunt Americans he took home, building them back to health with barrels of fresh sweet milk which were kept on deck

artists and engineers who spent their time copying furniture, upholstery and paintings, and the elderly Japanese ex-professor at the University of Chicago, whom he caught one day tracing a world map on strips of toilet paper.

After the war much of the ship was rebuilt, including a huge ballroom in second class, called the Rotunda, which has tables and chairs for 350. There is dancing every other night in both classes, and when the band has gone off to bed someone usually appears with an accordian to start the Swedish-Americans in a rousing beery, teary chorus of "Greet Your Mother and Father," especially written for returning expatriates. Then everyone dances the *hambo*, a native dance which involves whirling your partner around with both hands and stamping soundly on the floor.

And who has lived until he has played bingo in Swedish, or at least in Swedish-English? The rules are the same, but it is somewhat unnerving to the unaccustomed ear the first time the caller says, "N-trettiosju," which sounds like N drat-tew-schu and means N-37. Or try G-48, which comes out gay-fuer-tee-ot-ta, and I-24, which looks like I-tjugofyra and emerges ee-shu-go-fir-ra.

To my mind the best days are the last days, the ship rounding the top of Scotland, slicing into Pentland Firth with sheer cliffs to starboard and the Orkneys to port. Here amid the shelter of the islands is Scapa Flow, where the German fleet was scuttled in World War I and where in World War II a German U-boat commander repaid the embarrassment with a daring escapade that raised havoc with the British naval station. Now the waters are serene, with nothing to ripple them but us and a few white ship, its slanted funnel and strange triangular sail drawn sharply against the pale horizon. Then with the night, as the sky turns to midnight blue but never quite gets black, the captain's dinner commences below. As a smash finish the lights go out in the dining salon and twelve waiters appear one by one, each carrying a sculpture of ice with colored lights gleaming from some hidden source. A steward's torch lights a wick on top of each mound of ice and the waiters scatter to their tables while a violinist strolls through the crowd pulling romantic Finnish love songs from the strings.

THEN there is dancing in the ballroom and a performance of the Gripsholm Folk Dance Team, four couples in brilliant costume dancing the *schottis*, the windmill dance, and the ox dance, wherein two boys bargain with great amity over the price of an ox and end up belting each other around the floor.

No night is complete without a smörgåsbord laid out on the ship's veranda. There among the hydrangeas and the potted Japanese elms the *Gripsholm*'s passengers pick their way through the fields of herrings, over the mountains of cold pig's feet, and the green salad forest, the great piles of Swedish meatballs, and the log-jams of sausages that float in tureen rivers. If you are a rugged Viking, you finish this off with a belt of aquavit and great gulps of beer. If you are the simple American tourist, you are by this time back to the innocuity of ginger ale, or, as the Swedes say, yinyer ale. Nobody will question what you drink aboard a Swedish American liner, but anyone who goes to bed on a empty stomach is no yentleman.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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Note from Flat Country

By Norma Lay

HERE only trees call up the mind from earth,
then but a little way. The gaze returns;
sky has no lead-in. This is purest South,
where mind grows tangled with the purple ferns.
South vegetates. The North is of the sky:
hoarfrost will kill or kindle whom it touches.
Earth here alone holds aristocracy,
reduces all things skyward cast to witches.

What of the mountains? are they lost forever?
mind's clearest line of beauty too? escape
from jungle growth? What of the mists that waver
horizon-thick? What of their endless scope?
O needless query! From this palmetto brake,
soars now the plainsong of a meadowlark.

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Continued from page 9

eralist Papers and Spencer, are the writings which heralded and helped bring about the shifts to such conservatism?

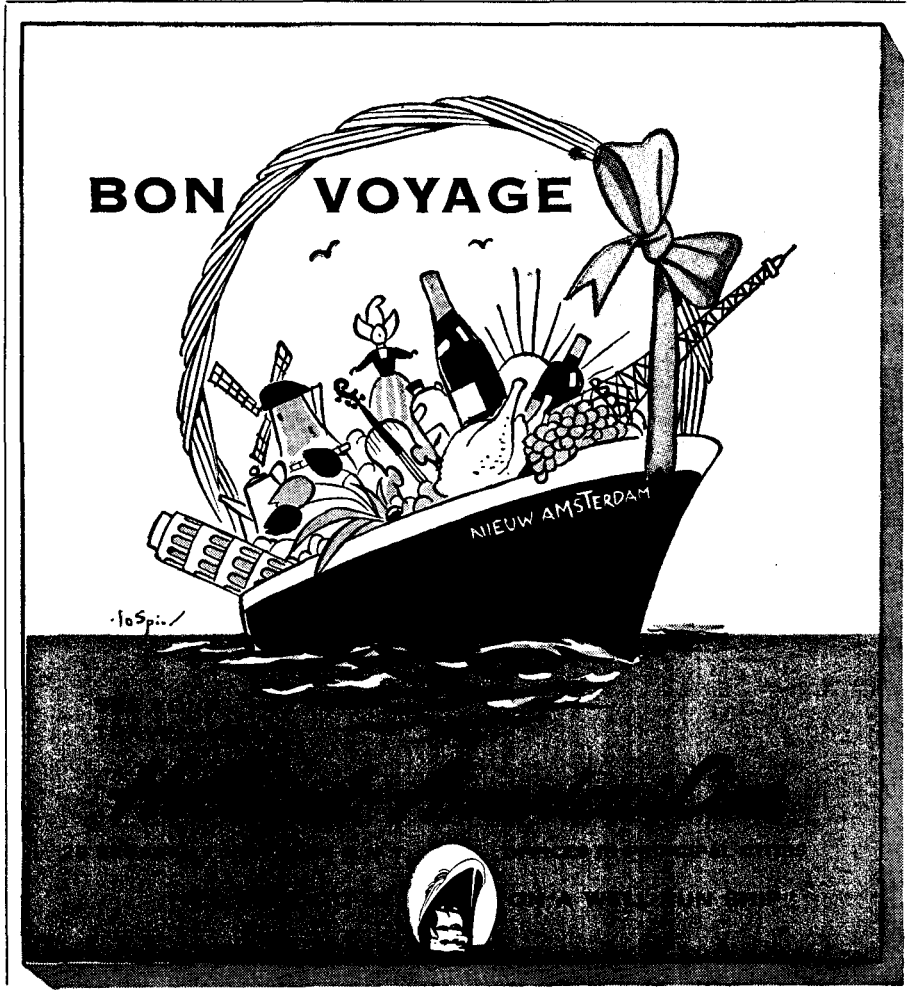
The absence of powerful books bespeaking business-mindedness in modern America has been emphasized to the point of caricature in the past year. At the time when the nation was voting General Eisenhower and his corporation executives into control, the No. 1 best seller was the autobiography of Tallulah Bankhead, to whom businessmen are hardly the darlings. Down the line were a biography of Adlai Stevenson; a collection of the mocking cartoons of Herblock; and Edward Mead's "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying," which, apart from the heretical implication of its title, ends up something of a diagnosis of Junior Executive's Disease. On or off the best-seller lists, the only potent volume expressing any significant part of the new atmosphere was Whittaker Chambers's "Witness," and at that Chambers is a good deal more of a spokesman of God than of corporate America. The country may have turned to New Dealism with a copy of "Babbitt" or Steffens in its pocket, but it has turned away from New Dealism clutching the collected speeches of Eisenhower, the seminal quality of which has been questioned.

All of this is no accident, and comment on it is, I think, the most valuable epilogue to any list of catalytic books. Without exception, the writings highlighted in this article were forthright books, transparently forthright. That was their greatest power. It gave drive to the sentimentality of Harriet Stowe, eloquence to the schoolmasterish prose of Dewey, a high sense of destiny even to the chapters of cataloguing in Beard's "Economic Interpretation."

The *Federalist Papers* and Spencerianism, those credos of earlier business Americas, were no less forthright. The *Federalist Papers* bluntly argued that men's ideas are shaped by economic interests, made no bones about wanting to check majorities, spelled out the belief that people of substance are more fit to run the nation than propertyless nobodies. Spencer's writings encouraged equally straightforward thinking. When Henry George asked one of the leading American Spencerians what he proposed to do about poverty, the answer was a characteristically unbashed, "Nothing. You and I can do nothing at all. It's all a matter of evolution." This quality of the *Federalist Papers* and of Spencerianism built a compelling tradition. For more than a century, many an American could proudly take his light from such unembarrassed conservatism.

THEN, gradually, the coyness set in. Beginning in the time of Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson, greatly accelerated during New Deal and Fair Deal days, the pounding of liberal writings and the successes of liberal politics threw a large part of the business community on the defensive. In their heart of hearts, these men remained as convinced as their fathers or grandfathers had been that property should speak and that a community is best run by its business leaders. But increasingly they grew fearful that speaking out their opinions would mean political suicide for their cause. What's more, often readers of "Babbitt" and graduates of a college where Beard or Dewey or Steffens was assigned reading, they themselves were uncomfortable in the presence of blunt talk about the truths or fear of a majority of nobodies.

All during recent decades the reform element has had no difficulty writing powerful books. They have been talking about what they meant, an assault on established ideas and on established wealth and status. But conservatives, more and more, have fidgeted away from the author who spoke their beliefs. They have given their imprimatur to a literature of the sidewise, which tries to sloganize its way around the clash between low-status drives and high-status fears that has been the eternal issue of democracies. Two of the genuine tenets of modern American conservatism, something of an amalgam of the *Federalist Papers* and of Spencerianism, have been precisely enunciated in the last few months. President Eisenhower's Secretary of Defense, Charles Wilson, spoke one when he said: "What's good for General Motors is good for the country." Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey spoke the other when, commenting on Hemingway's "The Old Man and the Sea," he remarked: "Why would anybody be interested in some old man who was a failure?" A book forthrightly expanding these



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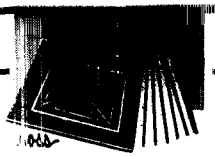
fashion America at a time when the American people seem decidedly receptive to business leadership.

The flight from straightforward books is leaving the American conservative a man without a tradition. He wins elections, now and again, riding in on a fear and an irritation, a promise and a grin. But millions who vote against him and more millions who vote with him have in the back of their heads a compelling argument, a haunting phrase, drawn from generations of plainspoken anti-conservative writing. The conservative can only have his celebratory drink, as so many victors did in 1952, with a wary ear cocked to the rumble of the next decade. For the history of the United States suggests that when America changes without the accompaniment of powerful books, it has not really changed very deeply.

These are the thirteen books which, according to Mr. Goldman in the above article, have changed America:

1. THOMAS PAINE, "Common Sense" (1776). Ottenheimer, $1.
2. The FEDERALIST PAPERS (1788). Dutton, $1.25; Regnery, 80¢.
3. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (1852). Coward-McCann, $2.50; Everyman, $1.25; Dodd, Mead, $2.95.
4. HERBERT SPENCER, "The Study of Sociology" (1874). Out of print.
5. HENRY GEORGE, "Progress and Poverty" (1879). Modern Library, $1.25.
6. CHARLES SHELDON, "In His Steps" (1897). Broadman, 75¢; Grosset, 75¢; Judson Press, 75¢; McKay, $1; Winston, $1.50.
7. SIGMUND FREUD, "The Interpretation of Dreams" (published 1900; translated, 1913). Macmillan, $5.
8. CHARLES BEARD, "An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution" (1913). Macmillan, $4.50.
9. JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES, "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" (American edition, 1920). Harcourt, Brace, $3.50.
10. JOHN DEWEY, "Human Nature and Conduct" (1922). Holt, $3.25; Modern Library, $1.25.
11. SINCLAIR LEWIS, "Babbitt" (1922). Harcourt, Brace, $1.98.
12. LINCOLN STEFFENS, "Autobiography" (1931). Harcourt, Brace, $6.
13. WENDELL WILLKIE, "One World" (1943). Simon & Schuster, $2.50.



Legal Memories of Longshanks

"THE History of English Law Before the Time of Edward I" (Cambridge University Press, 2 vols., $25), by Sir Frederick Pollock and Frederic William Maitland, is not a book for everyone or for every purse—but it has more to offer more readers than might at first be supposed. Law, after all, is a part of history, a most important part that cannot be neglected by anyone who would read history seriously. Law, and its predecessor, custom, loom large on the paths that lead to a knowledge of mankind. By reading the laws of a people we cannot tell what that people is really like, but we can tell—in many respects—what it likes to think of itself as being like; we can discover many of its standards, ideals, aspirations, vital myths, and fears. We can see, as in a mirror, the fancied image of itself that it would like to perpetuate; we can see the props with which it would support, and the fetters with which it would bind, future generations.

Of course, as we read legal history, we read of innovation as well as of conservation; we trace man's changing view of the human situation, his varying estimates of his own value, his altering sense of his relations with his fellows and his personal responsibility, his recognition of new social patterns, his responses to novel problems.

But it is the nature of law to preserve the old tenaciously, as if by a kind of institutional instinct, and to embrace the new cautiously, as if against its own impersonal will. It is one of the great instruments of social continuity. In the case of England, for example, Pollock and Maitland could write: "So continuous has been our English legal life during the past six centuries, that the law of the later Middle Ages has never been forgotten among us. It has never passed utterly outside the cognizance of the courts and our practising lawyers . . . and even now, after all our reforms, our courts are still from time to time compelled to construe statutes of Edward I's day, and, were Parliament to repeal some of those statutes and provide no substitute, the whole edifice of our land law would fall down with a crash." It is, then, no act of idle curiosity when we look back to the days of Glanvill and Bracton, to the legislation of Henry II and his immediate successors. Pollock's and Maitland's mighty work has not been supplanted since its first appearance in 1895; the present volumes are reprinted from the second edition of 1898.

Another Cambridge book that has at least a slight connection with law is "The French Littleton," by Claudius Holyband, reprinted from the 1609 edition, with an introduction by M. St. Clare Byrne ($3.75). As everyone knows who has ever stood within sniffing distance of legal calf, Sir Edward Coke expanded Littleton's "Tenures" into the work on English property law that remained standard until the nineteenth century. Less well known is the fact that a refugee Huguenot, who was making his living in Elizabethan London by teaching French, borrowed Littleton's famous name to enhance the appeal of the title of one of his textbooks. This little volume, consisting largely of dialogues in French and English, was and remains one of the liveliest textbooks ever composed, and, while the pupils of Claudius Holyband (Claude De Sainliens) took it up to learn French, we may take it up to plunge ourselves into the midst of Elizabethan scenes, sounds, characters, conversations, customs, and strong smells.

ONE of the most attractive of the London Folio Society books, distributed by Philip C. Duschnes, is "Two Tales: The Royal Slave and the Fair Jilt" ($3.75), by Mrs. Aphra Behn, who seems to be enjoying a small revival. Iris Francis's woodcuts are effective, the type-page is neat, the binding darkly pleasing. Heritage has published "Barnaby Rudge" ($5) in the handsome format it has used for other Dickens novels. The Baskerville type is a joy to eyes; James Daugherty's lithographs and drawings are justly described as Hogarthian.

Another fine Heritage volume is "Poems of Emily Dickinson" ($5), selected and edited with comments by Louis Untermeyer, illustrated by Helen Sewell. Recent Coward-McCann importations of Macdonald Illustrated Classics ($2.75 each) include "Westward Ho!," "The Essays of Elia," "Moby-Dick," "Pride and Prejudice," and "David Copperfield."

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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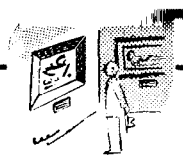

Paris Art Scene

"WE HAVE many artists in this town," said the French waiter at Sanary. "Here lived Kisling, the painter, who died just now. And from here came the man that shot Lord Nelson, who died of his wound. We have many artists here."

Well, I suppose good aim is as important a requisite of artistry as any other, and the French have it frequently, as everyone knows. Somehow this year, in Paris, one is more aware of the fact than at any time since the recent war. Whether walking through the Louvre's postwar gallery of large masterworks ranging from David through Delacroix, seeing the Courbet room in the Petit Palais' special exhibition, "A Century of French Art, 1850-1950," coming upon a magic little Vuillard of c. 1895 in the retrospective show at Bernheim Jeune, seeing again the Impressionist generation at the Jeu de Paume, or visiting the extremely interesting Salon du Mai at the Palais de New York—the impact of sheer deftness is overwhelming.

The French grumble a good deal in Paris because their native masterpieces are widely scattered throughout the city. "They are trying to hide French art," one of the leading postwar dealers told me, referring to the segregation of many nineteenth-century pictures at the Jeu de Paume and of city-owned works at the Petit Palais. I can't agree with him—at least from the viewpoint of the tourist, now that the Parisian taxi-drivers are nearly back to normal both in number and in vigor of expletive. On the contrary, I think, one now sees more great French art, and to better advantage, than before the war.

Here are two proofs of what I am claiming. The City's marvelous Courbet, "Portrait of P.-J. Proudhon and His Children," used to be hard to find. Now it hangs in the Petit Palais together with the great "Demoiselles des Bords de la Seine" and that incredibly beautiful picture of two entwined, sleeping nudes, known as "Le Sommeil," which official-moral timidity allowed to escape into a foreign collection for a time but which is now back where it belongs, in Paris's own collection. And the easing of the Louvre's responsibility toward the nineteenth century has given its curators time to clean and restore many earlier century works (with dazzling results in the case of Delacroix' "Death of Sardanapalus") and even to commission Georges Braque to decorate the ceiling of the Etruscan gallery. The commission seemed a natural, considering Braque's usual richness of color and texture, and I wish I could report it a success. Unfortunately, its birdlike abstract forms appear too simple for an ornate ceiling in the style of Henri IV; its black, blue, and gray tones, scarcely dry and perhaps not yet to be judged fairly, seem flat and noisy.

The most crowded show in Paris is Picasso's at Henry Kahnweiler's gallery, where the Great Man's public career began more than forty years ago and where he is once again appropriately at home. The show is uneven in quality, with occasional signs of too headlong an assurance. But there are some very fine pictures, notably recent graphic works and a series of small, astonishingly fresh, and quite realistic landscapes of Vallauris (where Picasso spends much of his time and presides over the revival of the entire village's pottery industry). There is also a sculpture of a baboon clutching its young, its bronze head poured over a toy automobile, its belly a bronze-coated cooking pot. No one thinks of Picasso as an *animalier* in the traditional sense. Yet he has made a number of sculptures of animals and none, I believe, finer than this.

Picasso, Matisse, Braque, and Léger —these are still names for the newer French artists to reckon with. Everywhere, that is, except at the 166th Salon of the Beaux-Arts, now at the Grand Palais, where has been accomplished the remarkable feat of gathering together nearly 5,000 paintings, sculptures, decorative objects, and architectural plans of which not more than three or four are of any interest whatsoever. I keep wondering why we critics feel obliged to tramp through this labyrinth of mediocrity. But we do: I, believe me, for the last time. At the end of a three-hour visit to the Salon I was ready to spend the rest of the week practising what one of Lewis Carroll's beasties called "fainting in coils."

THE Salon du Mai got me to my feet again. Indeed, this large show provides the best cross-section I have seen of postwar painting and sculpture in Paris. And after two long visits it was possible to get some sense of comparative quality among the newer men, according to one's lights. For me Hans Hartung, Pierre Soulages, and Nicolas de Stael, no one of whom, I think, has yet had a one-man exhibition in New York, though their works have been acquired by a few courageous American collectors and museums.

Of the three painters just mentioned, only Soulages was born in France. Hartung comes from Germany; De Stael from Russia. Thus the international character of the old School of Paris has been revived. And even extended. Before the war pictures by advanced English artists were rarely seen in Paris, and Constable was the last Britisher to have exerted a profound influence there. Today, however, Graham Sutherland is much esteemed in Paris and the Salon du Mai's sculpture section includes pieces not only by the universally admired Henry Moore, but by Kenneth Armitage and Lynn Chadwick, who are, with Reg Butler, the leaders of England's startling postwar resurgence of creative talent in sculpture. But America, alas, remains pretty much outside the Parisian limits of admiration.

I asked numerous art people in Paris about their reaction to the show of twelve American painters and sculptors now at the Musée National d'Art Moderne. Only Calder and Jackson Pollock (grudgingly) seem to have penetrated the stubborn stratosphere of French *bon gout*.

THE pictures I have mentioned by Hartung, Soulages, and De Stael are all abstract—much more so, in fact, than works by Estève, Pignon, and Marchand, who are fairly well known in America and whose attempt to superimpose abstract patterns on a recognizable reality seems to me dubious, as though they were following the perennial André Lhote down a dead-end street. But realism of a more unashamed kind is by no means finished as a goal for the newer French artists.

A picture of an interior by the young Bernard Buffet, painted in his gray, spiky style, is one of the best works in the Salon du Mai. And there are some striking omissions in the show. I think especially of Ubac, Bazaine (whose exhibition is now at the Maeght Gallery in Paris), and Manessier. To compensate for their absence, there are good pictures by Bores, Schneider, Singier, Viera da Silva, Venard, and Jacques Villon, elder statesman of the new cubism in France.

"We have many artists in this town," the waiter said.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

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Continued from page 23

sets our knowledge of art on the firm basis of fact); theories of art go back to the time of Aristotle and earlier times, but such a survey as Faure made could not have come before our own period. The testimony in the case had not yet been heard: the art of Negro Africa and a far greater art—that of ancient America—had not been related (since they were scarcely known) to that of Europe. Even the immense extent of Asia had not yet done much more than dawn on the provincialism of European writers, their "province, however, being the supreme one, as I firmly believe."

ONE more reason for the pivotal position of our period is still to be mentioned: before the written word could make clear to us the scope of art, the painted word had had to do so. In 1832 Delacroix's journey to Morocco had made men aware of the vast resources of the Orient. To be sure, Gentile Bellini's visit to Constantinople or Rembrandt's copying of Persian miniatures had given hints of what the East could mean to exceptional minds. But they remained the rarest of exceptions: our race as a whole kept to its Greco-Roman heritage—even the men of Northern genius, van Eyck, Grünewald, Brueghel, and the rest, being somewhat foreign to the main current of European art. Had its representatives not taken the word Gothic to express their contempt for one of the two greatest architectures that man has produced? As late as the nineteenth century had not Ingres been made to writhe under the accusation that his painting was Gothic? From the time when he sensed the greatness of the "Primitives" to the end of his eighty-seven years, when his last drawing was of a Giotto; through the new understanding of Japanese prints due to men like Manet and van Gogh; and the new understanding beginning with Gauguin's voyages to the South Seas, our time has been one which changed men's vision from that of a continent to that of a world. Two unprecedented wars have given a terrible stress to the idea first noted by the artists (as so often) that America has reached the point of a world-outlook.

But the coign of vantage of the modern historian is not by any means a sufficient explanation of Elie Faure's achievement. As to Gothic art, again, Havelock Ellis used the extreme word "unsurpassable" to describe Faure's treatment of that subject. Here the evidence had been amply studied by earlier critics. Why could our author go beyond them? The answer is to be found, in part, through recalling men of his family who gave him his early training. Elie and Elysée Reclus, his uncles, passed on to him the fruits of their immense studies in science and philosophy, and from his father-in-law, a Protestant clergyman, he received, ready to hand, an insight into the older man's life work with comparative religion.

Having such a background of geography, the social sciences, and the world beyond the senses, Faure could reach what seems to me the culmination of his study in that parallel, relentlessly pursued across the centuries, through which he shows that the evolution—in politics, religion and art—of Greece and of France is identical. One need do no more than go over the illustrations of that part of "The Spirit of the Forms," the concluding volume of the great "History," to see why a most important museum official exclaimed, "Our whole staff, in both departments, could not have assembled that material!" They could not, indeed, since to do so required an insight into causation that is outside the knowledge we ask of an expert on authenticity, period, and attribution. That is, generally, the chief stock in trade of museum men.

In France, where the splendid tributes received by Elie Faure from his early years reached the almost universal outpouring of eulogy which appeared at his death in 1937, admiration for his work constantly grows. Only a year ago the highest praise that an able critic could give to André Malraux was to say that the monumental work of that writer continues the erudition and penetration of Elie Faure. A new edition of the "History," now gradually appearing in Paris, incorporates notes and emendations found by the children of Elie Faure among their father's papers. It is to be hoped that future editions in America will benefit by these ripenings of a noble mind.

In Spring

By Witter Bynner

THE door sits mute without a knock
And yet my sense is certain,
By quickened heart-beats of the clock
And pulsing of a curtain,
You are a guest I shall love well
And your impending visit
Because you have good news to tell.
Who are you? And what is it?

Just Published

A number of the volumes described below, which we do not have space to review in this issue, will be given more extended notice in early issues.

THE CANDLE'S GLORY. By Sylvia Thompson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. A novel about three women, which opens in their last year at a French finishing school in the glassy days of 1903, and then jumps fifty years ahead to tell the story of their lives by a patchwork of flashbacks and remembrance of things past.

THE CHALLENGE TO AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY. By John J. McCloy. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. $2. An examination of our present foreign policy, with some suggested correctives, by the former American High Commissioner for Germany.

DON ISAAC ABRAVANEL. By Benzion Netanyahu. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society. $3.50. A biography of the linguist, mystic, and religious philosopher who led the remnants of the Jewish community in Spain into exile in 1492.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF HOMESPUN. By Jared van Wagenen, Jr. Ithaca, N. Y.: Cornell University Press. $3.50. A retelling of the daily life—and its ensuing legends and traditions—of the early pre-Civil War settlers of upper New York State.

THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING. By James Yaffe. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. This is the story of a Jewish family, in which the oldest of two brothers becomes a sort of iron-clad conscience for the younger, who is morally askew, and of how the older very nearly escapes his task of guardian by a marriage which falls through.

ISRAEL THORNDIKE. By J. D. Forbes. New York: Exposition Press. $3.50. A biography of one of New England's first millionaire industrialists.

THE MONGOLS AND RUSSIA. By George Vernadsky. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. $7.50. Volume Three in a "History of Russia" being prepared by Mr. Vernadsky and Michael Karpovich. It discusses the culture of the ancient Mongols who ruled Russia for two centuries, invaded China, and very nearly swallowed Europe before they were repulsed by the Teutons.

NEW BIOLOGY: 14. Edited by M. L. Johnson and Michael Abercrombie. Baltimore: Penguin Books. Paperbound, 50¢. The fourteenth number of the semi-annual collection of articles on biology, including eight essays on such as the bird, the bee, and the flea, together with photographs and short reviews of new biological works.

NEW POEMS: 1952. A P.E.N. Anthology. Edited by Clifford Dyment, Roy Fuller, and Montagu Slater. Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Fla.: Transatlantic Arts. $2.50. The first of what is hoped to be a yearly collection of new poetry by known and unknown poets, sponsored by the P.E.N. Club, and including here new poems by De La Mare, Dylan Thomas, Stephen Spender, W. H. Auden, Louis MacNeice, Herbert Read, and forty others.

THOMAS CARLYLE: Letters to His Wife. Edited by Trudy Bliss. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. $5. Letters selected from a group of 747 which Carlyle wrote to his wife over a period of forty years.

PHILHARMONIC. By Thomas Russell. Baltimore: Penguin Books. Paperbound, 50¢ A revised edition of a book, first published in 1942, which considers the various problems confronting the modern symphony orchestra.. —W. B.

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SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N.Y. Informal adult resort, private lake, excellent tennis courts, tremendous music library.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1005

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Lively and playful.	64 98 78 133 15 86
B. Gross; unrefined.	121 147 74 85 67 124
C. One of the pear-shaped vessels, open at both ends, used in chemical experiments.	143 122 49 22 132
D. Headache.	18 140 89 58 44 35 27 106 71 119 112
E. Up to now.	168 144 108 76 176 152 28 54
F. Where sweets go (3 wds.; from "Hamlet").	75 11 170 48 157 14 3 31 114 174
G. Basin or bowl for cleansing by ablution.	33 13 50 43 4 91 183 19
H. Romans' name for the north wind, or the north-by-east wind.	61 142 154 177 163 53
I. Lack of (2 wds.).	138 110 77 93 135 150 21
J. Ornament consisting of small straight lines intersecting one another, etc. (2 wds.).	66 113 145 38 165 151 84 161 167
K. Rivaled.	51 160 146 80 158 105 46 149
L. Professional critic of books and plays.	97 166 45 128 103 12 59 79

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Priestess of Apollo at Delphi.	171 60 68 30 95 169
N. Short and pudgy (comp.).	120 137 36 111 94 73 37 40
O. Art of pronouncing words correctly.	41 178 47 1 23 88 118 6
P. Resentment.	42 136 123 101 131 52 63
Q. Aeneas's Queen of Carthage in French or Italian literature.	17 69 102 134 10
R. One who preaches the loss of a cause as desirable because the struggle is impracticable, etc.	55 96 72 92 20 125 65 156 139
S. Cilia.	16 107 99 90 172 155 175 127 141
T. Inferior person or material of any kind.	56 26 153 179 129 173
U. The Louis who was the second Bourbon king of France.	39 126 115 62 57 130 180 104 25 109
V. An establishment, esp. one of public character.	34 148 117 29 164 24 159 182 81 2 162
W. Novel by Daudet, 1877, about a rich French colonial (with "The").	70 100 82 7 181
X. A youth; a stripling.	32 5 8 116 9 83 87

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

											1 O	2 V	3 F		4 G	5 X		6 O	7 W
8 X		9 X	10 Q	11 F	12 L			13 G	14 F	15 A	16 S	17 Q		18 D	19 G	20 R	21 I							
22 C	23 O	24 V		25 U	26 T	27 D	28 E			29 V	30 M	31 F	32 X		33 G	34 V	35 D							
36 N		37 N	38 J	39 U		40 N	41 O	42 P		43 G	44 D	45 L	46 K			47 O	48 F							
49 C	50 G	51 K		52 P	53 H	54 E	55 R	56 T		57 U	58 D	59 L	60 M			61 H	62 U							
63 P		64 A	65 R	66 J	67 B	68 M	69 Q	70 W	71 D		72 R	73 N	74 B			75 F	76 E							
77 I	78 A	79 L		80 K	81 V	82 W	83 X	84 J	85 B	86 A		87 X	88 O	89 D	90 S	91 G								
92 R	93 I		94 N	95 M	96 R	97 L	98 A	99 S		100 W	101 P	102 Q	103 L	104 U	105 K	106 D								
107 S		108 E	109 U	110 I	111 N		112 D	113 J	114 F		115 U	116 X	117 V	118 O	119 D	120 N								
121 B	122 C		123 P	124 B		125 R	126 U	127 S		128 L	129 T	130 U	131 P	132 C	133 A									
134 Q	135 I		136 P	137 N	138 I	139 R	140 D	141 S	142 H	143 C	144 E	145 J	146 K		147 B	148 V								
149 K		150 I	151 J		152 E	153 T	154 H	155 S	156 R	157 F	158 K	159 V		160 K	161 J	162 V								
	163 H	164 V	165 J	166 L		167 J	168 E	169 M	170 F		171 M	172 S	173 T		174 F	175 S								
176 E	177 H	178 O		179 T	180 U	181 W	182 V	183 G																

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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